

Music & Letters

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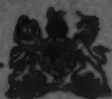
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Music and Letters

OCTOBER, 1926.

VOLUME VII.

NUMBER 4

SCALES

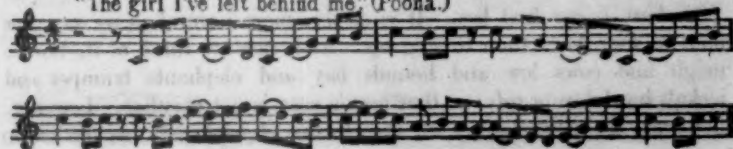
SCALES! With what a sinking of the heart do we read the word! We hear again those tortures of the 'nineties, which the gramophone has indeed superseded, but in the very supersession has added new terrors. That earnest moment before breakfast, when no man is at his best; that relentless, but ill-calculated pursuit of skill; that soft substitute for hard thought; that loveless prosecution of a task of love; that mechanical protest against art!

Or, since you have guessed that an article would not be likely to be written on such a theme, you have already pictured to yourself neat little staves containing eight notes for comparison with some other eight, the offspring of acoustics and mathematics, bringing us, when all has been said and read about them, no nearer to what is worth having in music than an ordnance map brings us to the scenes for which we travel—the dimpled face of the downs, the reflections in the pool below the weir, the parting and meeting of the shadows on the hill. But there is an aspect of scale which is not wrapped up in figures and brackets, and we will try here to dispense with such things.

Scale is the result of making music, not the cause of it. It is local in origin. It is a "way" of singing, peculiar to a valley, an island, a countryside. The songs themselves may travel far and wide, and when they do so they are usually adapted gradually to the scale of their new country. But the scale itself does not travel. I found at Poona this version of "The girl I left behind me,"

Ex. 1.

"The girl I've left behind me" (Poona.)



and at the port of Negapatam this version of *Le Sabotier*, given below it (see Bourgault Ducoudray, *Mémoires de Basse Bretagne*), evidently brought there by French sailors who largely come from Brittany.

Ex. 2a Brittany.

Solo. Chor. Solo. Chor.

Ex. 2b Madras.

Chor. Solo. Chor. Solo.

The way in which the telling intervals of the two songs have been ironed out into a sort of uniform conjunct motion is instructive. Here a local scale is called by the name of its place of origin—the Gandhara scale from Kandahar, the Phrygian from Asia Minor; there it is, later on, called by the name of some famous musician—Olympos, or Al Fārābi. Prolonged contact with some other people or tribe may alter it in essentials; the Mahommedans could not be in India, nor the Arabs in Spain, nor the Saxons in Britain without affecting deeply the character of the indigenous music. And mere contiguity produces an effect; the songs of Bengal show some traces of Chinese influence, Northumbrian songs are almost indistinguishable from Lowland Scotch.

Let us suppose—we can't, of course, except by a tremendous effort of abstraction—that we have never heard a note of music in our lives, and that we are suddenly filled with an intense desire—in the morning bath, perhaps—to sing. How should we begin? We should sing one note and then go on to the next. But what is the next? How do we know whether to go an inch up, so to say, or half an inch; or whether to come down instead of going up? I overheard a man in his bath yesterday. He began on a high note, and sang faithfully downwards to the bottom of the scale. The scale? What a lot he must have known already about music! How did he know it was B and not *B♭* after his initial C? However, he was quite firm about coming down, because he did it twice, and did not go up once.

So here is our first law. It is easier, more natural as we say, for man to sing down than to sing up. And, now we think of it, horses neigh and cows low and hounds bay and elephants trumpet and jackals howl *downwards*; so that man's case is not peculiar. Leaving, however, the wherefore of all that to the physiologists, we go on to

notice that *homo sapiens* does not often sing a whole octave, at least, not until his music has become a conscious art. There is, as I write this, a man trimming a hedge fifteen yards away, and for the last ten minutes he has been whistling fragments like these :—

Ex. 3.



He sometimes puts in the low note, sometimes leaves it out, so it is clearly not essential. What is essential is the C D E, with D for tonic.

If he had been something of a composer he might have gone on to make a whole folksong. It only required a little more continuous thought on the part of the man who made this—

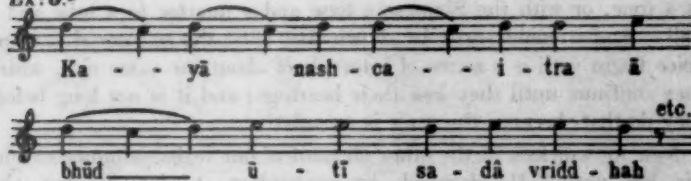
Ex. 4.



—out of very much the same material.

Now it is a curious fact that the singers of the Sāmaveda, the oldest liturgy in the world, did just this same thing. They kept to three notes and circled round the middle one :—

Ex. 5.



and some Gonds, one of the wildest and shyest tribes of India, first cousins of Jan Chinn's Bhils, danced for my pleasure to this tune on pipe and tabor—

Ex. 6.



semitones he looks ahead to an "obvious" note, as in this (more advanced) piece of Sāmaveda. (The bar lines are breath marks.)

Ex. 9.

un - na yā - mi ho - i un - na yā - mi ho - i

un-na yā-mi ho-i ā-di-tyamprancamtam un-nayami ho-i

ā-di-tyam pran-cam tam un - na ya - mi ho - i etc.

That is, he has a "cluster" (G, F♯, F♮) and an "obvious note" (C) and his chant swings between the two; as we should say, it is part chromatic and part diatonic. This is the stage at which a great deal of present day folksong is in Asia Minor. The chromatic part of the following tune is clearly there for an aesthetic purpose; it is to give a pathetic turn to the diatonic, very much as we (Purcell and Schubert especially) oppose the minor to the major. And we must remember, of course, that folksong, without harmony, has no means of opposing minor to major in the same song.

Ex. 10.

Last — night my dar - - ling lay, Her

head up - on my breast, Eyes —

like — two — o - lives grey, Her soul —

con fess'd, And their lash - es

play, Told me all the rest.

That is the "woful ballad" of a lover in Bithynia. His "obvious" notes, his points of rest, are D below, C above, and G between them. We will listen to another lover in Ulster.

Ex: 41.

Where La - gan stream sings Lul - la - by, There
grows a li - ly fair; The twi - light
gleam is in her eye, The night is on her hair, And like a
love sick len - an - shee, She
hath my heart in thrall; Nor life I
owe, nor li - ber - ty, For love is Lord of all.

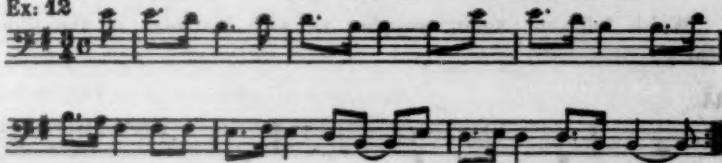
He has very much the same thing to say, "Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her?" But he says it with a bigger sweep and more abandonment. He therefore finds more points of rest necessary—(they are, reading upwards, B \flat , C, F, G, C)—with *ad libitum* pauses on some of them. Also, though he does not quite contrast minor with major, in our sense, he uses the point of rest as a pivot, and glances off from it temporarily into another mode. Here we have reached a genuine diatonic, in which most of the folksong of Europe is made. But though these two songs are contemporaries—they were recorded at any rate at about the same time—no one can say how many centuries they are apart, musically. For all we know, or at least for all the Greek treatises say, our Bithynian is singing just as Sophocles's chorus-girls sang *ἔπος ἀνίκαιε μάχαν*; whereas the Ulster man has generations of harpists behind him, and we can feel him meaning something tremendous by that low B \flat , and something wonderfully

tender by that high note, reined in as it were from triumph, refusing to say the whole. His notes have value; they do not follow a prescription; and it was harmony, however immature, that gave them that roundness and interdependence.

Folksong-sters and Irishmen alike will scout this idea of harmony. The whole essence of a folksong, they will say, is that it is unharmonised. So it is; but there may be a good deal of latent harmony all the same. Nothing is more clearly written on the face of "mode" than that the "obvious" notes have got, with time, an increasingly firmer hold on the "next door" notes, the harmony on the melody. Not only that, but there are some parts of the world that seem to have begun with these harmonic notes, these rest points, and to have filled in the melody between them afterwards, as they got experience.

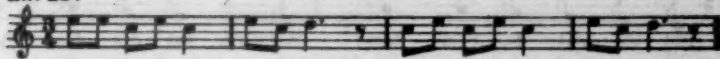
Here is a tune from the Teton-Sioux country in Dakota. The singer has a good compass and makes use of it. He sings downwards. It is clear that he is proceeding from one harmonic note to another, and touching the others occasionally as passage-notes.

Ex. 12



Of the next three tunes, Ex. 13 *a* and *b* are from the Niger valley, and 13 *c* from Portuguese East Africa. Again a leap is made to a harmonic note, but to a different one—it is to the third instead of the fourth. Notice the grace-notes of Ex. 13 *c*.

Ex. 13^a

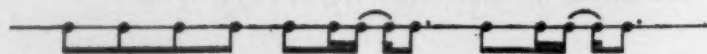
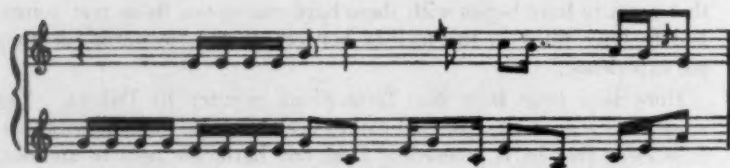


Ex. 13^b



Ex. 13^c

Drum.



Welsh folksong, again, supplies us with instances of the same thing,

Ex. 14.

Come, all ye was - sail - ers, make cheer, A -
 - way with me - lan - cho - ly. Christ - mas comes but
 once a year with mis - tle - toe and hol - ly.
 Fol de rol de rum tum, Fol de rid - dle dee, And
 fol de rol de ri - do Christ - mas comes but
 once a year with mis - tle - toe and hol - ly.

and O. Fleischer points out (*Neumenstudien* II. 69) that the Celts, as a number of references make clear, were acquainted with the

common chord in the early middle ages, and before 1500 thought it so sacred as to be ineffable, though they afterwards indicated it by the vowels O I W—doubtless what is now called the “Hwyl.” This is interesting to us (their neighbours, and called by the same name of Britons) because we have a tendency, too, to build a song by intervals of a third, for instance, “The Brisk Young Widow” (Ex. 4).

These, however, are more or less isolated cases of the tune which proceeds from harmony to melody. But there is one kind of scale so common that there is hardly a part of the earth which is without any trace of it—the famous “pentatonic.” We might take any genuine Scots song as an instance, if we could only say for certain which were genuine; but Scotland has been for so long in the van of civilisation that her songs have become sadly cosmopolitan. Or we might take any Chinese song, if they were not, to us at least, rhythmically so unappetising, and also as vocal efforts suspect, because the *Khin* is many centuries old and is always made their standard of reference in matters of intonation. There are plenty of examples in India; but there diatonic, chromatic and pentatonic have been indigenous and have reacted upon one another for so long that a pentatonic tune seems to be only an incident, not a basic principle; and the same is true of most of Europe. It will be better, then, to look for a genuine case somewhere where we are sure there are no instruments, no musical theory, and as little civilisation as possible. That we find in such a place as Zululand,

Ex: 15



or Borneo.

Ex: 16



This and other tunes from Sarawak were phonographed by a man of science,* and he established beyond doubt that the constituent intervals of this tetrachord C B \flat G were exactly a minor tone (C B \flat) and a minor third (B \flat G). There is no need, therefore, to display the pentatonic as a system of fifths

B \flat -F-C-G-D

which would incidentally make C B \flat a *major* tone, because the B \flat is arrived at in fact more simply as a passing note between C and G. In these undoubtedly genuine and original examples we see a whole octave, but only part of it is pentatonic; and that part seems to have been created by the force of the pedal down below. There is no need, either, to assume that, when we come to octave scales (as in Europe) the pentatonic is older than the hexatonic. For in the very act of its invention (as in the Zulu tune, Ex. 15) in that lightly touched A it embraces the hexatonic by implication. Pentatonicity is, in fact, in one place, perhaps, maintained as a ruling principle, and in another absorbed into the whole system as an element.

We saw in Exx. 7, 8 the chromatic arising as an extension of a "cluster" of small intervals by an outlying "harmonic" note. It is much more difficult to put a finger on a *purely* diatonic tune, because all the diatonic tunes we come across are full of other voices, and are the long result of time. Its principle is, undoubtedly, to have a series of whole tones broken in upon, and corrected by, a consonant note. Look at this tune which I "collected" from a Mahommedan while waiting for a train at Bombay:—

Ex. 17

Might - - y is God the Lord, Might - - y is God the Lord.

O Lord God from thee com-eth sal-va - tion. Might-y Al-might -

- - y, All know-ing, All lov-ing, Might - - - y God

Day by day thy ho - ly presence is near - - er, near -

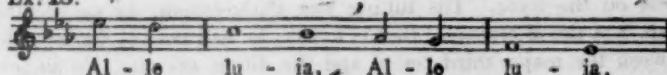
- - er to us, In the dark - - ness thou art near us.

D.C.

* See *A Study of Sarawak Music*, by C. S. Myers. I.M.S. 9. Vol. xv., p. 307.

Does that F# appeal to you, I wonder, as it does to me? I like it because it is unusual, other-worldly, and because it is kept in reserve and only just touched as a hint, even then, as an appoggiatura to E; but still more for the broad sweep of full tones towards the final, which it initiates. It is that that pleases us in the great diatonic tunes we know, such as "Ein feste Burg" and that "Alleluia"

Ex. 18.



that Phyllis Lett used to sing so finely. The chromatic

Ex. 19.



sounds weak in comparison; and that is, of course, why Wagner uses it where he does, to depict "The devotion to something afar from the scene of our sorrow"—in itself a rather weak thought.

We have found almost everywhere that the unit of tune is the fourth, not the octave, which on the whole rarely occurs; and not in the first instance the fifth, because the fourth is nearer and has already settled the matter of consonance. And there we might leave matters, if it were not that as the tune expands in compass (the Londonderry air, for instance, or the theme of the "Heldenleben") the octave plays an important part, and we must see how it comes to be filled as it is.

The diatonic scale lies before us in the white notes of any keyboard, and two questions about it occur: Why this particular arrangement of two and then three tones, with semitones between the groups? and, Which note shall we start from?

An important fact is veiled in the keyboard, that the tones are of two sizes, major and minor. Calling these *m* and *n*, with *s* for the semitone, it is clear that there are six separate ways of arranging the tetrachord* (besides, of course, many other ways if *m*, *n*, and *s* are not true). Now an octave is composed of two tetrachords and a "disjunctive" tone, and supposing this tone to be between the tetrachords there are thirty-six possibilities of scale—more, if it may be in one of two other positions. But the maximum (five) of con-

* *m n s, n m s, m s n, n s m, s m n, s n m.*

sonances is to be had only in twelve scales.* Our European scale, of which Guido's is a tentative statement, is one of these. His hexachords evince by their very juxtaposition the growing need for an additional consonance, that of the major third, for that is the new thing they have in common. The twelve melodic scales, or such of them as may have been in use, satisfied the singers by having as many of their fifths (*m n m s*) perfect as might be. The step Guido took was to class together those that had major (*m n*) not minor (*m s*) thirds on the tonic. His tuning was Pythagorean, as we see from Chap. 3 of the *Micrologus*; that is to say, he had not yet distinguished between the major third (*m n*) and the ditone (*m m*). No singer—and he was pre-eminently one—could; for the voice can only make flying shots at intervals, not measure them. According to his own account his hexachord was

C D E F G A
m m s m m

in which, if *m* was true—which it probably wasn't—a would have been less than a semitone.

But when his system became the basis of lute tablature, and the notes were all marked out by frets, *m m* would soon be found to be too dissonant, and *m n* would have to be substituted, which gives the hexachord

C D E F G A
m n s m n

and when the three hexachords are plotted together, we see that they would eventually have to take different forms—thus,

B_p
G A B C D E F G A B C D E
| *n m s m n* | *n m s m n* C fa ut
| *m n s m m* F fa ut
| *m n s m n* | *m n* G sol re ut
| *m n s m n m s* | modern major.

That is, assuming the C-hexachord to be normal, the F-hexachord had its D a comma sharp, and the G-hexachord its A a comma flat.

We turn to our second question—What settles which note is tonic? Looking at Ex. 4 it is difficult to say, as it always is with a short tune. C has a slight claim, as initial; so has E, as highest, since the

* Three on C and E, and two on D, G, and A each. The rules for forming these appear to be (i) the semitones must be a fourth (fifth) apart, and (ii) two minor tones must not appear in succession.

vocal tonic is usually high, because the upper register of the voice is the stronger, and the flute is here only a substitute for the voice. A has a better claim, as final; but then it only occurs once, whereas D is decidedly insisted upon. In Exx. 5 and 6, C for the same reason; in Ex. 7, F; and so on. In taking down tunes from dictation, two things are difficult to be sure about, the tonic and the time. And these are connected; for it would be impossible for a particular note always to occur on a weak beat and yet be the tonic. The decision as to which note is the tonic depends, in fact, upon a variety of considerations; it is by no means always the final note—a rule of thumb which has often been maintained, and which is especially misleading with regard to Scots songs. It may be said that the chief aim of musical composition has been up till now (when we cannot be sure of anything) to establish the tonic securely without insisting upon it unduly; and the chief means for doing this is *appoggiatura*. Which-ever way we look at it, a note or chord is the tonic only by implication that is often elaborate in proportion as the music is worth having.

From the sixteenth century begins the gradual evolution of the major from the mixolydian mode, and the minor from dorian and æolian. Palestrina is still wrestling in his early works with the recalcitrancy of the phrygian, and giving it, in *Super flumina* for instance, an æolian close. Erba's "Egypt was glad," in the phrygian, has large tracts in the dorian. Handel, at 58, is still writing, in *Saul*, mixolydian melodies—"Sin not, O King," and the "Dead March"; several of his choruses, too, in *Israel in Egypt* are conceived as in the "ascending" minor, which was known about then as "D (or whatever it might be) with the lesser third," and which is only one step removed from the dorian. Thus the history of scale gradually becomes the history of key, the taking in of more and more foreign chords, without modulation, as self-evident. The process is so gradual that each new chord as it comes* can hardly be called an invention, but so continuous that when we look back the changes seem drastic. The sudden E minor triad in the C minor opening of *Parsifal* strikes the imagination, and henceforth there is no note of the scale which may not bear a major or minor triad.

This situation is what is expressed in the term "duodenal," wrongly called the "duodecimal," scale, for which Debussy's style of

* Pergolesi's removal of the diminished seventh from its place of origin, the sharp fourth of the minor key; Haydn's major ninth in the overture of the *Creation*; Beethoven's Neapolitan sixth in root position at the beginning of the "Appassionata"; Chopin's dancing with secure steps at the confines of key in the C minor Polonaise (second subject); Sinding's development of this by exploring the possibilities of the augmented sixth and Stravinsky's exploitation of this chord in the "Fire-bird"; Wagner's addition of an *appoggiatura* to the diminished seventh (Kundry's entry), and Ravel's refusal to resolve this *appoggiatura*. These are only a few that will occur to everyone.

writing paved the way. It asserts, practically, that a new key may be started on any note of the twelve. So it can, and so it always could, at any rate since Chopin; and Mozart's old rule of saying what you had to say in one key before going to another seems to be in abeyance. But does this mean that key and scale are abolished? Probably not. As long as music exists it must make one note or chord or passage more important than another, it must have limits, a circumference and a centre, a sense of coming some-whence and going some-whither; "key" may no longer be the appropriate name, and another may have to be invented, but key will still be the thing that is named.

There is a school which thinks that key is not so much abolished as exhausted, and desires an extension of scale. It sees this extension in what it calls "quartertunes," but which it would be better to call "microtones." The advocates of this seem to think that equal temperament is not sufficiently cacophonous; or more probably they do not understand the justification of it. They think it is now an accepted fact, and can be made a basis for a new system. But equal temperament does not exist in the ear at all; it exists only as a calculated mechanical measurement, and the reason the ear accepts it is only because every note of it can be taken as representing one that the ear does accept, and which it can, moreover, direct the vocal cords, or the fingers on a string, to find. Those who ask for microtones are asking for something which the ear cannot find at all; and not even for that thing, but for a substitute for it. They are not putting up a target and offering the marksman 5 for a bull, 4 for an inner, and 3 for a magpie, but taking it away and asking him to conduct his shooting by inference from the surrounding trees and bushes. It is obvious he will not get much pleasure from this sort of range.

Well, microtones have been tried, and on strings. Assuming that they were correct—and no man living can tell whether they were or not—what happened was this. The ear kept judging them all as failures to reach the note above. That is to say it took them as substitutes, but not as substitutes for the thing for which they were supposed to be substituted, but as substitutes for something else. C $\frac{1}{2}$ sharp in equal temperament was not taken as representing true C $\frac{1}{2}$ sharp (which, of course, does not exist), but as representing D. In other words, the ear refuses to accept microtones at all. In that case it is not worth while to argue whether they should be quarters of tones as Messrs. Bloch and Haba advocate, or thirds and sixths of tones as Busoni proposed, but did not write the music for.

But there is a stronger argument against them. No sane man would suppose he could improve English literature by doubling the number

of letters in the alphabet. He would know that literature exists—one would hesitate to say progresses—only by finding ever shorter cuts to expression, by translating, in fact, what has often been said before into the language of more direct appeal. If music is to find new roads, it can only be by improving and broadening and straightening the old ones. And along these roads charabanc and motor-bicycle will, of course, continue to shriek their commonplace way, filling our palate with burnt petrol and our tongue with curses, and leaving their trail in cigarette-boxes and chocolate-wrappers. But it is these roads which open up the country and make us know the value at last of those green lanes and bridlepaths and cattle-tracks which we once took merely for granted and did not prize as we should. And the bridlepaths, too,—the modal melodies and harmonies—have changed. They are no longer the shortest way to somewhere, but the quickest escape from anywhere; they are not the way to get on in the world, but a way out of it. Comparatively few use them; and that is an indication that the future of music does not lie that way. But it was with them that music began; and that is our reason for the hope that is in us, that those will read the map of Europe best who can best read the six-inch scale of their own parish.

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS.

EXTRACT FROM AN INTRODUCTION TO A SKETCH OF GUSTAV HOLST*

GLOUCESTER TO PADDINGTON

. . . A CERTAIN circumscription round the works of art limits the vividness and heat of their effect. The life of the beauty made by man suffers change—the passion in the artistic expression grows calm (is not the very fury of Beethoven considered "classic"?)—the passage of the years transforms all things, perhaps into rock, or else into dust. If it were not so there would in time be no room for a new poetry or a new music in such societies as preserve their memorials. The very existence of an art depends upon a certain retirement of the past. Its works live as the acts of duty and merit in the forbears of a family live; and the mighty past should weigh no more on the sufficiently vital artist than on the ordinary citizen does the consciousness of coming of a decent and worthy line. It serves to give him a direction, as to the man who can say to himself: "Of course, manners are different: but it is clearly due from me, as regards morals, to play up to the remarkably decent old boys who passed on to me their name and something more."

The artists are a family, they hand down beauty (all the time with plenty of family quarrels) as the social family hands down conduct. The artist, like the citizen, is lucky who has a reputable family tree. He, too, may be by exception tyrannised over by one of those magnificent old grandfathers who at fourscore-and-ten still hold the reins as firmly as ever. But the artist cannot be a parvenu—he must have an acknowledgeable father—he cannot "be" at all without one. For the task of the artist is to do again the work of his predecessors which time and space have set apart—etherealised or petrified—that is to say, it is to keep up that ardent means of communication which is art. He feels that the work has to be done anew every generation, for to him, the creator, essential art lies in the freshness, the startling, burning vividness of his own expression. He works anew because he, the man ardently communicative beyond his fellows, feels the expressions of the past doomed, in their immortal

* See *Music and Letters*, April, 1926

retirement, at best to static beauty or to mere quaintness or shadowiness or historical monumentality.

We are, it will be seen, engaged upon an apology for the creation of a new music, apology being called for because of the conventional assumption that our accumulated artistic heritage is necessarily appreciated in chronological review, beginning at the beginning. We know the historical minds who resolutely begin so far back that by the end of a lifetime they have got up only to Monteverde, and to whom the recommendation of the work of a new musician is futile since it appears impossible of inclusion within the normal human span.

Taken analytically, the present is indeed most conveniently considered through the past. But, aesthetically, the past, so far from being the beginning, means longer and longer imaginative excursions. Aesthetically, ourselves are the beginning, and our present music; and the music of the past exists purely in the light of our own musicality. Put out that light and there is nothing. Only by an abnormal discipline does the analyst project his imagination to the barren field of the Year One, whence he bit by bit becomes involved in a thickening plot—the Greeks, Huchald, “Sumer is a-cumin in” and so on. The pure musical sensibility is at home in its own day—we know how commonly there are to be found alert lay-listeners taking delight in a contemporary music which baffles the long-disciplined analyst. Such a composer as Wagner first won a non-technical public.

Enjoyment by the pure musical sensibility is, however, of an impermanent sensual sort, in itself insufficient for the European mind, which by intellectual processes extends its empire backwards into time. According as education and circumstances permit, the submerged arts of bygone generations one by one are reclaimed. We all of us carry a store of information which, as by second nature, comes into play when we are engaged with, say, “The forty-eight” or “The Faery Queen,” to supply a contemporary atmosphere. In the most ignorant of us there is a mass of material, a quarry so to speak, ready for the imagination to work with, when set in action by a song of Schubert or a minuet of Purcell. All we have heard said about the persons of those composers and the events and manners of their times—especially the images we have of the other contemporary arts—assemble in the mind to make a background. Mozart’s lace ruffles—the ball dresses of Chopin’s ladies—nothing is immaterial. We may be hardly aware of it, but all employ in some degree the process which here and there among the learned renders a man virtually a contemporary of Byrd, of Dante or of Plato.

The point then is that present expressiveness and receptiveness, and not the Year One, are the beginning. Byzantinism, the art that is a mere matter of retrospect, is a dead art. The simplest forms

of communication afford illustrations. The adequate declaration of a wooer of 1800 "Admired Miss Euphemia, unworthy though I be to raise my eyes," &c., is doomed by its very nature as a telling emotional expression to change; on occasions for so charged a message one feels bound to coin something more or less new, and in the successive rapid changes of phraseology for such declarations (which within a single generation will veer from "Darling, be mine" to "Don't you think it might be rather sporting to," &c.) we observe an essential artistic instinct at work in everyday practice. Forms are abandoned the more rapidly as vitality and spontaneity require to be suggested; the motive remains the same. Compare with these pregnant and unstable expressions the perennial epistolary "Dear Sir," or the plagal "Amen" of our cathedral services.

Along with a likeness between the wooer's declaration and a novel work of art there is often to be observed an utter unlikeness between the musical public that is wooed and the listening maiden. The latter, even when unmoved, does not as a rule regard the suit as unjustifiable and unnatural. The musical composer is open to be berated for his performances like a convict in the dock. But, if resentment directed against a music which is the adequate voice of its time be an index of musical insensibility, the treatment of Holst and his generation argues a rather more civil state than was enjoyed by their elders, compared with whom they have come off lightly. The new receptiveness must be in great part put down to Wagner, whose intrusion in the 1880's made an end of the older torism. He who had been furiously reprobated turned out to sound, when at last freely heard, so ravishing that the opposition was discredited and the liberals permanently strengthened. The general tendency since then has, thanks to the wondrous Wagner case, been to allow new voices some benefit of the doubt.

English music was not ready to take advantage at once of the privilege. Such leading composers of the 1880's as Parry, Stanford and MacKenzie were staid, if not by nature, at least by force of circumstances. Parry stood by Bach and Brahms. Stanford was more eclectic; he took to Brahms, Wagner and Verdi. MacKenzie—a violinist, whereas the other two were organists—inclined a little more to the left; in fact, as far as Liszt. But in later years all three were equally horrified by Richard Strauss.

Outside the academic world altogether were two musicians who had, by the close of the century, taken advantage of the permission accorded by Wagner's triumph to expand themselves in the expression of the emotions and of sensuous meditation. Edward Elgar was a violinist, and that fact and the orchestral experiences of his youth counted for a great deal in his orientation and achievements. He

was the first of our composers to use the full orchestral palette with enthusiasm and mastery. Thanks to Elgar, English music, which had missed taking a part in the beginnings of the romantic movement, did not let it go by without a first-rate contribution. The great series of his mellifluous compositions from 1899 to 1913 belongs in spirit to the nineteenth century. They are among the last fruits of an epoch, like the corresponding production of Strauss in Germany, than which they are less varied and more tasteful. Elgar's harmonious eloquence has often been compared with that of Tennyson's verse, and it is characteristic of musical development that of this pair of noble minstrels the composer should have arrived more than half a century after the poet. Sterndale Bennett was Tennyson's contemporary, but he was, rather, a musical Cowper.

Elgar's particular instrument, the orchestra, had hardly existed in England half a century before. His art speaks of the advance, in late Victorian times, of our orchestras, which came to possess an accomplishment rather ahead of the general musical culture of the country, very much as is said to be the case to-day in the United States. Hallé and Richter at Manchester; in London Manns, Richter; then the new demands made on the Opera orchestra by Wagner, and then again in the brilliant cultivation of orchestral music by Henry J. Wood at the new Queen's Hall—these created the complex, flexible, responsive instrument which was in 1899 to be the voice of the "Enigma" Variations, as 20 years later of "The Planets."

Frederick Delius was born five years after Elgar and eleven before Holst. He grew up even more than Elgar unknown by, unknowing of, academic musical England; and whereas for Elgar's work the proper hearing-place existed in the established festivals and symphonic concerts, no other musical work as important as Delius's has come into the world with such a *Mélisande*-like lack of a domicile. The forms of Elgar's music are explicable—granted once the factor of creative genius—by the technical experiences of his young days and the existence of such institutions as the Philharmonic Society and the Birmingham Festival. But Delius is singular in having, as it seems, composed without having in mind the thought of an audience—certainly without the thought of a specific audience, an audience in a specific country. No music before Delius was so regardlessly contemplative, none so indifferent to regular rhetorical forms of address. These characteristics are intense in a music which is otherwise persistently diffuse, and they give to the shorter orchestral pieces of the composer, heard in the course of a programme of the normal oratory of music, a singular poetic value. But they render such an opera as "The Village Romeo and Juliet" impossible. It is typical of the aloofness of Delius that, though brought up in Handel-singing

Yorkshire, he should have produced as his principal choral compositions the outlandish "Mass of Life" and "Pagan" Requiem. Outlandish, I say, meaning nearly other-worldly. Delius presents us with the paradox of an eremitic musician. Wagner, too, wrote a music that was homeless, but at once busied himself with getting a roof built for it. Delius, silently composing year after year near Paris—where he was less known than anywhere—seems to have dreamed of his beautiful, wandering strains being taken up, not by any humdrum known community, but on some fabulous lotus-strand by the birds and the breezes.

The names of both Delius and Holst indicate a foreign extraction, but beyond that there is no parallel to draw between the two musicians. The birthplace (Bradford) of the one had no significance in itself, and seems incongruous. Delius was a complete cosmopolitan, only different from all other cosmopolitan musicians in this, that while their work everywhere sounds equally common, his everywhere sounds equally strange. The accident of his birthplace does not entitle us fairly to pretend him an English composer. On the other hand, with Holst the foreign name was the accident, and his Gloucestershire birthplace fits aptly into the design of his career. Holst was, like Elgar of Worcester, born in the territory of the Three Choirs' Festival, and Gloucestershire was the county of both Hubert Parry and Ralph Vaughan Williams.

To be scrupulous, the "accident" of Holst's name ought to be allowed as an indication—taken with the names of several other English musicians of our time—of the superior musical culture of some other countries and races, families from which, settled here, have produced known musicians out of proportion to their numbers. Against that is to be set the unquestionable, out-and-out Englishness of the man and his art, in the making of which his county must be granted a share.

A grand, undulating county, largely and happily pastoral, and practically unblemished by the more grim sort of urbanisation. To have been brought up by such green hills is to possess for life a useful faith in native divinities. England's "dark, Satanic mills" will never provoke such loyalties. Two years before Holst, on the other, the eastern, side of the Cotswolds Vaughan Williams had been born. These two were to grow up making more than any before them of the wild flowers of our traditional country song and dance-tunes, and in general working towards a more racy music than this land had known for long. The fancy may be allowed that the unsurpassed stately and homely beauties of their native Gloucestershire helped to endow the remarkable pair of musicians.

In the case of poet or landscape-painter such an influence would

be instantly admitted as decisive. But music was, during a certain period, hardly thought of save as an urban art. Nevertheless there came a point in the expansion of industrialism in the nineteenth century when sensitive minds felt the oppression of our ugly spreading cities, and there were musicians among them.

Not that the minatory town was generally suspect. In the main, of course, musicians went on thinking of it as the only inspiration as well as the only possible residence of their art. For it had not been long since, snug and little, the town had looked like a haven of politeness and sociable art in a green waste. How likeable is the old music that declares itself to have been the music of a little city, of Handel's London, Mozart's Vienna, Mendelssohn's Leipzig—music that carries itself with both gaiety and propriety, as if newly enjoying the privilege of emancipation from rustic dullness. Leisure and wits are needed to follow the complicated exercises of the artist. So few there are who care or understand that only a considerable population affords a proper audience. The musician certainly cannot escape—he must come to town. This was so obvious that for a time it occurred to hardly anyone that musical elements could be found elsewhere. "The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city square." But then there came the music of Weber and Wagner, rustling and sighing with the spirits of the German forest, and the music of Grieg and Dvorák, animated by the steps of peasants' dances. There was, however, no need to look so far for a hint to go into the country. The retirement of Wordsworth and Ruskin by the Lakes clearly enough exemplifies the natural reaction of the English artist against the tyranny of town.

As urban England in the nineteenth century grew more formidable, a new poetic interest accrued to the life of the countryside. Hardy was read by all Englishmen; who are, to the third generation, homesick for the country. Our blackened "industrial" areas came to look too unseemly to appear quite real or, at any rate, more than transitory. Some passing caprice of an influential star may have encouraged their spread, and another may as easily make nothing of it. But the country is stable, and will remain placidly itself, though the time comes when mines and mills and overgrown towns fall out of use. The artist, then, when he remembers that his trade is old and that he depends for comprehension as for his own instruction in techniques on a long established order of things, must feel the safer and solidier with a good country backing.

The nervous flightiness of modern city life, on the one hand, and its discontents on the other, make for a wanton changefulness. Purely urban art is nowadays socially sectional; Henry James had difficulty in communicating with any Londoner below a postman, and could

give no idea of such a person's speech. And it then becomes increasingly subject to mere fashion—which can execute capital punishment to-day in Paris with the mere cry of "Connu!" The restlessness of urban fashion is not peculiar to any one stratum. Popular songs are taken up and discarded as fast as æsthetic theories in Chelsea.

The pace quickens till there is time for hardly anything but the cracking of witticisms. All the arts become as ephemeral as the milliner's. Frivolity is the one serious concern, and the sum of all things is a headache. Think of the feelings one has in London in July after an excess of opera and the like, when at a party one glances at the hired palms on the staircase and hankers after a different and homelier greenery, appletrees and wayside elms.

To some such reaction from the urban smartness of music and its insecure decorative position—far more than to any nationalistic movement on Continental or Celtic lines, which to the Englishman, who is self-disparaging and secretly self-assured, seems unnecessary and somewhat unbecoming—we ascribe the fortunate country rambles of certain tweed-coated musicians in the 'nineties and early years of this century. They got themselves heartily ridiculed at first for their "hedging and ditching" and bar-parlour lore, but they came back invigorated.

A few pertinent dates may be put down here. In 1889 Miss Lucy Broadwood edited and reissued the Sussex folksongs collected more than 40 years before by her uncle John Broadwood. In 1889-91 there appeared Baring-Gould's Devon and Cornwall songs, and in 1891 Kidson's North Country collection. In 1893 Wooldridge's new edition of Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time" came out. In 1898 the Folk Song Society was formed. In 1899 Cecil Sharp (1859-1924) happened upon the sight of the Morris Dance danced by villagers at Headingley in Oxfordshire. Sharp's Somerset folksongs appeared in 1904-6, and the "English Hymnal," edited by Vaughan Williams, in 1906. In 1911 the English Folk Dance Society was formed.

The implications are tempting, but to go into them would be too much of an excursion. The very question of what folksong is would lead away from the track. Our immediate concern is that the dates cited cover some twenty-odd years, which were the years that saw Holst from youth to maturity. Some day the story of the recording of English folksong ought to be put down in full. English children are to-day again singing "Bushes and Briars," "Dabbling in the Dew" and "My Bonny Lad," but until nearly the end of the century most of such songs existed obscurely and more and more precariously. The collectors arrived only in the nick of time. The

natural life of traditional country music had been sapped; the dissemination of urban music by gramophone and wireless transmission would no doubt have finished it off before now but for the rescue-work of such men as Sharp, the collector of some thousands of tunes. Now we see it in retrospect—a good work; and one cannot but be touched by that defence of a nearly exterminated order. At the moment it was a stirring work, and Holst as a man of his time felt the excitement of it.

The collectors, we have said, arrived late, even though not too late, and when among their finds we consider with tenderness this or that fragment of a fine ballad or weather-worn melody the pity is that the Folk Song Society had not been at work long before, as early, say, as the time of the recording of the corpus of Irish folk-song. But here there did not exist the political factor which in Scotland, Ireland and Wales had rescued the songs of the humble. The strictly musical down to Beethoven's day, and after, nowhere showed interest in dialect and local accents. That interest was first fostered, outside the art proper, by the nationalist spirit and the self-assertiveness proper to the smaller communities, who are sensitive to any menace to their individuality. Thus Scottish and Irish songs were rescued generations ago from the insecurity of mere oral tradition. While they became exceedingly admired here, the English (who have never thought of their characteristics and chosen ways as possibly in peril, and who consequently have never raised a finger to safeguard Englishness as such) set no similar movement going. The deprivation made for a common impression that musical faculties were inferior if not altogether wanting in the principal portion of the British islands. To-day the man in the street can whistle, for any one English air he knows, a dozen others. Much of the lack of self-assurance in nineteenth century musical England is to be put down to the publication and popularity, early in the century, of those unrivalled northern and western songs—as much possibly as to the masterpieces of elaborate musical art that were coming in from Europe. Another inconvenience of the delayed recording of our own country songs was the actual deterioration of such music in a time when everything tended to destroy oral tradition.

Desirable though an earlier activity would have been, there is, all the same, no reason to think that the material would have been of great service to the musical composition of an earlier generation. No particular use was made by composers of the Scottish or Irish material until the brilliant success of a series of national musical schools on the Continent (Chopin, Liszt, Smetana and Dvorák, Balakirev and his school, and Grieg), prompted the rather academic performances of MacKenzie and Stanford. Less than anyone was the

Englishman likely to make his music passionately and deliberately a national expression. His circumstances are such that he is insusceptible to the inflamed nationalism common in most parts of the world to-day. He is not aware of any menace that calls for a particularly English tone of protest, and so far as there is fuel in the nationalistic passion he must dispense with it. As things are and have long been, no special favour can be obtained here for a work of art on the ground of patriotic duty. Such things are impenitently taken on their merits, and while an instinctively racy quality is as much appreciated here as anywhere else, the appeal of self-conscious nationalism is felt to ring false. People, indeed, have all along felt perfectly free in such matters to flatter their whim, for better or worse, in complete disregard of politics. There is no ground for supposing that the folksong collectors we have named, and the composers who elaborated those finds, were trying to emulate the Continental national schools of music. The English attitude would naturally be that the example of such foreigners had no bearing on our conduct. No. It "happened." It happened that the traditional tunes were found and liked and noted down. There was no obligation to "like." Many excellent Englishmen vigorously scoffed, holding fast by Wagner, Brahms or Puccini. Others who liked well included young composers of the new century, who wove those old threads into their new tissues—tissues which, too, have been well scoffed at and well liked, but liked without preferential political favour (we must insist, because our insular case is peculiar in a world generally addicted to chauvinism).

It will not do to overstate the case for the folksong. As a topic, anyhow, it belongs more to a sketch of Vaughan Williams rather than of Holst. In Holst's art the actual new-found material counted for less than a concept which it suggested—a concept of a music neither academic nor esoteric, which could engage many listeners: a frank music which could rid itself of a good deal of current subtlety and artfulness by reason of the simple substance of its main interest. The folksong makes for a subject so directly interesting that of itself it is hardly to be resisted. For instance, a milkmaid on a May morning, a highwayman caught and hanged, a damsel rueing a deceitful sailor's kiss, or the flowing bowl of Christmas. It makes for such subjects, of course, with the most candid faith in their immediate reality and prime importance, a faith without which May mornings may be as academic as triangles. How ambitious and how humble must be the artist who deals with things of obvious interest and cares to be generally understood! He must count himself a common man, sharing common men's outlook. Yet in telling the whole world what he sees from the common stand-

point he must feel strong in a special virtue. Who is he that he should invite us to take a fresh look at the everyday view?

A poet preceded our musician by a few years. In 1896 "A Shropshire Lad" appeared. The poets of that hour were, as a rule, writing about absinthe, pierrots and the keeping of excessively late hours. Housman's booklet stated plain cases, and its advantage over the esoteric school is clear enough now. Its appeal went straight to anyone of reasonable sensibility. Esoteric art, the fact is, fares indifferently in this country, and in the way of music its practitioners hardly exist. Music remains a degree or two more of a communal affair than modern poetry; it is, in England at least, in a more primitive phase—too primitive to support the equivalent of the verses of Miss Sitwell and Mr. T. E. Eliot.

On the part of a musician like Holst there will have been no sort of calculated emulation of the success of "A Shropshire Lad." It is perhaps too much to say that the folksong "suggested" an idea to him. If he noticed how Sharp's Somerset "Cuckoo," once known, was universally liked, it supplied, less than a suggestion, a confirmation of a natural impulse to write popular music. That last unlucky adjective has come to mean simply "meretricious" in the connection. For our purpose, popular music means music that may be liked by people generally who care for music—including, first of all, the composer himself, who takes his own likings as a norm and cannot, of course, bear to do less than his very best, if only for his own liking's sake. In the degree to which a composer feels that, however exceptional his powers of expression may be, his interests are widely common, he will take pains to make himself clear. Like Watts when he offered to paint frescoes round Euston Station, he may be humble enough in spirit not to count on the regard of the secret societies of the artistic, and too ambitious for the *succès d'estime* of the academic musician.

Popular, in fact, is here used in opposition to the designedly unpopular; or in the sense in which all music formerly was intended to be popular. Down to the time of the transcendental Beethoven all music, it has been said, was "occasional." It was composed much as a chairmaker makes chairs—to meet an immediate end. Because there were singers, therefore there were makers of songs for them. It was no derogation that the art should square itself with certain external facts. And the probability is that the normal thing for the artist should still be to take into account the "facts"—that is, the occasion, and the vulgar usefulness and effect of his labours—and accept them frankly as prompters and confederates. For all his Op. 189 Beethoven did not change all that. He ordained for his own part that singers were to be for the song, and more—

that they were not essential, and that the song, though unsung, was the essential reality. Beethoven was Beethoven—good enough for the song-in-itself. That awful independence of his, that solitude, and compulsion to create a music out of nothing but his own internal prompting and mental flux, no more set a rule for succeeding musicians than are the ghostly exercises of an exceptional anchorite properly imposed on the mass of men. Of the composers who have since tried to be Beethovenish, concentrating with inturned eye solely on the mind's drama, some have been cryptic and impracticable, and others merely unattractive in the result.

The "facts" are accepted by the happy artist without question, as part of nature's general beneficence, and a sense of social collaboration sends his spirits up. The Puritan mind, on the other hand, is suspicious of a drift towards entertainment in its jealousy for the interests of edification—a word that has come to rule joyfulness out of its associations. (To take an example, see how in Parry's "Judith" the best part of the story is hushed up.) But in the long run nothing is going to hold music back from its nature of being both edifying and as enjoyable as it knows how. Elgar was one to seize on a number of the facts—such as the available luxury of the full Wagnerian orchestra, which he was the first Englishman to make his own. He seized, too, on the festivals of the western cathedrals, which had never had expressly written for them, until he came, a music anywhere near matching the triumphant art of their Gothic builders.

Those cathedrals, as the Great Western train takes him from home up to town, the young west-country musician sees them marking one end of his field. At the other are the monuments of London, Queen's Hall and Covent Garden; and, in between, a town here and there, and any number of villages. And all are in one way or another possible collaborators in the realisation of the music that is in him, "if" (so in fancy he may hear himself addressed) "on the heights of your science and your lofty likes and dislikes you are not altogether superior to what we can recognise as musical shape, subject, tune." Grant him the humility in his ambition to conceive of a music that as well as *his* shall in some measure be also *theirs*, and the answer may come: "It shall be done! A music good enough for me—good enough to be me—and clear enough for you? I feel happy enough in myself, and like well enough the looks of you, to do it." And along the line from Gloucester to Paddington, whether his thoughts play with homely economical or grand exotic fancies, the train can show him the frames for their realisation. The steeples speak of church choirs; the schools of singing schoolchildren. There are the towns with their choral societies, with which (so our young friend

may cogitate), torpid though they may be, there are all manner of exciting things to be done. The bargain to be struck will cost them some hard work, and they will groan over unheard-of difficulties; only it must be clear that they shall not through it all doubt (that is his charge in the bargain) of the radical sense and validity of his exciting things.

London comes into view, and London means the pretty-well boundless possibilities of opera and the symphony concert. If half an hour before he had been playing with the idea of a hymn-tune or a schoolchildren's two-part song, he can now dream of tall full-scores, the glittering and crashing orchestra, and multitudinous audiences. Why, the whole world, the wondrous, variegated, friendly world, seems coming to meet him, happy man, half way!

It is not likely, of course, always to look as sunny as that. The world will take on aspects of bad temper and positive hatefulness for all your friendly disposition. And you, the artist, will angrily want it to come much more than half way. There will be moments of inner doubting and utter discouragement, when you see all men as fools. Then the very notion of a "happy artist" may seem nonsense when you think how fearful nearly always are the pangs of artistic parturition.

All the same, it was an auspicious day that brought Gustav Holst on the scene, with more sun than most. Naturally he came with a loyalty to music without which the "friendliness" we have spoken of would have been nothing. But that social sense, that not unhappy awareness of the surroundings and ability to find in his time and place positively jolly and helpful aspects and things, all that, taken along with the sheer music in him, made him a man of the day, and the day in good part his.

RICHARD CAPELL.

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG—I

I HAVE been a pupil of Schönberg. But I should not wish to write about him from that standpoint, at least, not without his consent.

There is, however, another reason which makes it possible for me to speak of him freely and with more point. For he was not merely the master of many pupils—a great and important school of modern composers—but in his own work he is a master. And having once recognised, in a general way, his greatness and the influence which, through that quality, he has exercised on the art of music, it becomes a duty to bear witness thereto. For all that, it is impossible exactly to delineate such mastery, and this must not be expected of me.

It might be proved that one artist or another knows certain rules of his calling and how to make use of them. But by reason of that alone is he no master. Your true master is great by reason of his own personal art; in the employment of rules which he knows thoroughly he controls his own freedom, he uses them with originality. He is thus a master of an "art" not merely of a "craft." Such mastery of an art bears in part a certain personal character, and for the rest inclines towards authority, both these aspects being, as it were, the prerogatives of the master. We may not recognise this authority, we may not wish to respect such scant attention to the usual liabilities of artistic behaviour, but until these facts are understood there is little point in trying to prove them.

A real master will never debase his work in order that it may serve as a proof of ability or learning. It is highly probable that he himself will not be in a position to indicate where lies the mastery in his own work. For this depends not so much on one's skill in putting together something of general applicability as in the way one uses one's freedom of all existing media. And so it comes that this freedom, which lies outside our control, is not only freedom itself, but its own result. Should we endeavour to demonstrate the existence of freedom of this kind we might well eventually discover a state of bondage; and it is probable that we might often find ourselves insisting upon absence of this freedom because in reality we were dealing with the question of artistry and not of art.

And thus it is that I wish to aim at demonstrating a higher form of mastery in Schönberg's work.

It happens that the term "genius" is applied in general to this especial and personal originality, this loftier, natural force of the spirit which exists in the artist. But just as with the word "master," so there is much confusion as to the meaning of the word "genius." "A work of art," says Goethe at the end of the first part of the *Farbenlehre*, "a work of art must emanate from genius. The artist must call forth both content and form from the depths of his own being." Kant, whom Goethe so much admired, and by whom he was so much influenced, expresses it thus: "Genius is the giftedness (das Talent) which formulates the rules for art." As yet no better definitions of genius have been forthcoming. "Genius" is thus higher and larger than "master." The elemental creative force is deeper in the genius. A work of art must be the revealing of the spirit, of the unending, of the unknown, in content as well as in form. A master, uniting form and content, will, of set purpose, wish to bring them into agreement (they are, of course, inextricably mingled in music), but a genius will immediately take possession of this co-ordination and will find both form and content ready in the depths of his own consciousness whence they are called forth. It may be expressed thus: his experiences come to him by way of his thoughts, his thoughts by way of his experiences. Although the ideas of "master" and "genius" are near to each other, yet is "genius" something still greater than "master." A master, in spite of whatever originality, cannot be said to possess "depth." And it is exactly in this very "depth" that there lies the source of new life, of fresh methods. To lay bare the ways of the genius, to discover living art, to summon beauty from its hiding place, this is to show a gift for revivification. That gift is genius itself.

The artist who has courage gives himself up wholly to his inclinations. And only he who yields to his inclinations has courage, and only he who has courage is an artist. . . . To him it is sufficient to have expressed himself. To say what had to be said according to the laws of his own nature. The laws of the nature of a man of genius are the laws of the future of mankind. (Schönberg, *Harmonielehre*.)

Shall I now draw attention, then, to the existence of a man of genius? But that would surely be absurd. Should the music of this genius offend the ear, will the fact that one to whom that music speaks calls him a genius alter the certainty which exists in the minds of those who find his music ugly? The sole remedy for them lies in a gradual assimilation of these totally new harmonies, these new combinations of tones. It will be a question of time, of continual repetition, of getting accustomed to a new fashion, of accepting a new art. The acceptability of this new art will hardly be influenced by new theories, constructed out of the music by a scientist. Rather is this brought about by the direct influence of the

music upon the hearer, on the true lover of music. This influence owes its being to a delicate sympathy, for the most part spontaneous. It is in this way that a true work of art must be created, called into being from out of unknown depths, and in the same way is it that a true work of art must be appreciated. Appreciation is like the work of a genius, it is but another kind of creative energy, the recognition of worth. We must possess a talent, a gift which enables us to plumb those self-same depths which the genius, whose work we are hearing, has reached. And so it can be said that we accept and sanction those self-same rules fashioned by the genius. Nature receives back what she gives. To fashion beauty that has persuasive power one must have the ability to win secrets from Nature. The question is not only is the composer sincere, true to himself, has he, in the depths of his inmost being, wrested from Nature her secrets—but also, is his a worthy public, has it earned the right to such a prize? Without an atmosphere that is congenial (in the true meaning of that word) no genius can exist.

Not for me to describe genius! Far from it. It is not possible to impose on another that particular congeniality, that intuitive comprehension. It is a gift of nature. It is a characteristic that one must make one's own as soon as one is ready to take that step.

But what of beauty?

You will be expecting to hear at least a little about the beauty which is in Schönberg's work. In that case, what has gone before may serve here too. Once again, I feel myself to be powerless to make partisans of this thing called beauty. Neither can I speak in praise of ability or talent, nor tell exultingly of the exceptional merits of the great composer. The primary strength of excellent and charming music is to be found through listening to it, to be recognised only when it is played often and well. A favourable criticism will have but little influence over the opinion of others. People's feeling for music is chiefly based on their tastes; and it is not thus, but by a sudden revelation, that we are to make sense of music which at first sounds wrong. In this way analysis is ever unsatisfactory, and, as a means of pointing to beauty in art, incomplete. Analysis is merely *decomposition*. At the same time as we unravel a composition we deprive it of its unity, that especial peculiarity by means of which the different parts work in together, giving at one and the same time the impression of an all-pervading harmony. The synthetic value of beauty can never be translated into an analytical deduction. Any attempt to resolve beauty into finite rules is vain, for beauty is, as it were, a part of infinity and is itself infinite. But in this connection we may put a simple question: if this music really is wholly new, and thus must live on in the future, is it possible for us

to form a just estimate of it, burdened as we are with old tastes and standards? And further, in matters of taste—after all, it comes to that—can we influence anyone beyond that point up to which they can receive impressions? A perfect realisation of what beauty is, the instinctive appreciation of an unusual work of art, a keen perception of artistic rightness, that ability so difficult to attain, by which one can give a judgment of lasting value—are not these the privileges of only a very few?

All things considered, then, I can neither prove mastership, nor impress others with the depth of this man's genius, nor shall I put in a plea on the count of beauty. I simply wish to awaken interest in order that right appreciation, which so often takes a long time to arrive at, may be speeded up; and thus give certain indications which, as far as they may go, will prove valuable.

I should like to call attention to the fact that in these works of Schönberg—apart from their actual success as works of art—there is no uncertainty, no insincerity. They are not empty or shallow, and in them there are no faults. This may seem negative proof, but it says much. Uncertainty and insincerity are the characteristics of incompetence and dilettantism. Assurance and earnestness characterise a master, and the further they reach, the greater the mastery. And completeness, that state wherein there is no lack of sensibility, can be taken as portraying both soul and thought. Again, fulfilment is one way of reaching that depth where form and content, those inseparable qualities, are united. Sincerity, assurance that has in it no artificiality, an all-informing depth, in these is genius. And then faultlessness—the attempt that fails not, completeness—is surely the nearest approach to beauty.

But while we are attending, with much justice, to these things, let us at the same time not forget sympathy, for perhaps this is the best of all, sympathy freely given, sometimes the most compelling power.

A study of Schönberg's personality needs an introduction as far-reaching as this. There is always so much misunderstanding about words and names and qualifications, especially when the subject under discussion is new and when the composer is what is called modern. Men are quick to denounce what they do not understand, they decry that which is new and which, to their small powers of comprehension, appears ugly or bad. And the chief characteristic of Schönberg's nature is a continual development in the direction of newness. Let us hear what he has to say.

The acceptance of that which is new is in general difficult for a man: the very people who, because they have a conception, eventually possess such a thing as culture for beauty, defend themselves, and what pleases them, with decision against the new, which is supposed to have the effect of beauty; whereas, as a matter of fact, it only tries to produce truth.

Schönberg's is a double personality. He is both composer and theorist. The one does not exclude the other, as we are so often asked to believe. In a certain sense he drew conviction as a composer from the faultiness of present theories about music, though I do not believe that this is something peculiar to him alone. Every good composer is a master of theory. But Schönberg is more. He was the first to publish it abroad that the age-old systems of music had reached their limits and the old theories been run to death. He founded a new theory on the relative worth of the old. He demonstrated in a complete system, based on absolute facts, the unreliability of the old, which is seen in its small possibilities of further development. This purely relative value of the ancient theory provided him, at the same time, with absolute freedom in the composition of new music. He did these two important things: he made an end of a great system and he started on a great music. Therein is his duality.

Let us begin with a short review of his book, coming later to the music. The *Harmonielehre* (Vienna, 1911) begins with this remarkable sentence:—

I have learned this book from my pupils. From the faults of my pupils when I gave them insufficient or wrong instruction I have learned to give them the right instruction.

This at once shows us the master at his sincerest. He provides no infallible precepts, no "aesthetic" programme, but presents us with something whose strength is proved, something in which there is nothing unusual. Aesthetics are too absolute; a vital art is ever creating, promoting new values. But art, also, is the result of technique, i.e., of a mechanical facility. The pupil must obtain such skill as shall make it possible for him to produce really effective work.

A pupil should exercise his hand, that it may be capable of execution when once the spirit charges it with a task.

In order to attain this end, that the pupil

may compose something which resembles the mechanical conditions of older works of art up to that point where also in technical-mechanical works creation withdraws all control,

this book ranges over the whole sphere of harmonic possibilities. It inaugurates a new method of teaching, new both in general and in particular. The pupil must work on his own, even though the master lend "a steady hand which cautiously takes over the guidance." Pupils are not expected to work out figured basses or to show up useless, inartistic pieces of school work. They must find out for themselves the right progression of notes and chords from the bass,

working out, from the beginning, simple phrases of their own fashioning until they reach the richest and most complicated cadences and modulations. The master should simply point out how to work systematically and how to account for what has been arrived at. One must learn old laws in order to obey new necessities. In this book the old rules of conduct are firmly held to and at the same time the question of tonality is treated in no vague manner.

It is necessary that a pupil should learn to maintain the artifice by which tonality is produced . . . a pupil should learn the laws and the effects of tonality as if they were still ruling nowadays, but he should know of the conditions which lead to its abolition.

Later we shall return to this question.

This book (on musical "efficiency") strictly deals with harmony and not with melody, counterpoint or form. The writer is, however, perfectly aware that no absolute division is possible between the differing spheres of composition. But he gives a quite logical limitation to his subject.

It does not provide for expressive part-writing, rich in contrasts, for to that must be added movement, dynamic force, etc. It is merely necessary to avoid the unmelodical.

Hence certain accepted rules are included, such as those dealing with parallel fifths and octaves, certain prohibited intervals, etc. But in the harmony with which he deals, the essence of the succession of chords resides in the chord itself. And the essence of that chord can be found in that of the "fundamental" which is the sole *materia musica*, which contains and combines all the elements of attraction and repulsion which exist in the different partial tones, all consecutive relationships of the differing intervals, and which comprises the complete series of upper partials.

The book has numerous examples of harmonic relationships, various little phrases such as the pupil must learn to make up for himself. The aim of his apprenticeship is to get a proper sense of harmonic values, a right idea as to which chords are good and simple and which are not. As for part-writing, followed throughout this book from most simple beginnings to the furthest limits, a principle of absolute simplicity is the basis. This is insisted upon as far as possible with regard to that second great basic principle of variety, of richness in the combination of parts. The aim is always either cadence or modulation, both of these not according to fixed precepts (as obtains in the greater number of treatises), but with a view to their being workable. Each pupil can let his fancy range free, he can choose his own path, always, of course, within certain set limits which are not to be overstepped.

The essential in a modulation is not the aim but the way. . . . And only that method can be suitable which weighs accurately the possibilities between starting-point and end, and then makes a skilful choice.

If we take, for instance, one of the first examples of cadence and modulation and two of the later ones, we get an idea of how a pupil begins and what ability and what riches he may gain in chords and their harmonic relationships.

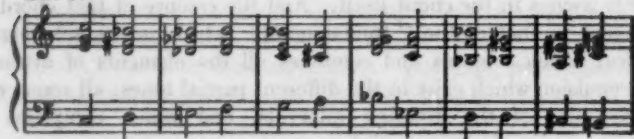
Ex: 1.



Ex: 2.



Ex: 3.



The second example is taken from the chapter on "Relations to the minor sub-dominant." The relationship of the main chord of a mode to the subdominant region brings all the auxiliary chords of the keys in whose sphere this subdominant is found within reach of the main chord. In this way also the chords of the third and fourth spheres of fifths are drawn into the original key. Schönberg says:

Possibly theorists would maintain that this is a modulation from C to C . . . and back. This could happen also, very well. But the conception that no modulations are present here, that there are only modulations present in so far as every other chord, *quâ* tonic chord, causes a modulation, has above all things the advantage of teaching a pupil to consider the whole as a unity.

The third example can only appear in a modern treatise, as Schönberg himself remarks. It shows an exceedingly rich modulation from C major to C sharp minor. But in the methods of modern composers it would, in all probability, not serve for purposes of modulation. A modern composer, in writing thus,

does not aspire then after a new key as an aim, but the richness of the harmony matches exactly the incidents of the melody.

This second example, and the third more especially, give us an instance of the limitations of what we call tonality. There is a later chapter which bears the charming title: "The confines of Key." We are compelled to reach for these confines. For, after a more and more comprehensive, methodical, ever-broadening survey of all harmonic possibilities we shall attain an unfettered, conscious ability for writing every sort of chord consecutively, at the same time, of course, following known and firmly set rules. Eventually we shall have to come to the point where we see that one single line stretches betwixt all keys. It all depends on the extent of one's comprehension, as to how far one's mind can embrace the idea of related chords, whether one remains attached to that which is near at hand, or can take a view wide enough to allow for larger sympathies which lead one to an extension of one's ideas of chord relationship.

Much that is definitive is said in this book on the question of tonality; indeed, it is a standard work on that subject. Here are a few quotations:—

Tonality is an artifice . . . the practice of which has as its chief object the imitation of that formal, satisfactory effect which does satisfy so much in a well-formed thought. . . . Into each key (this is called enlarged tonality) one can bring, under pretext of modulation, nearly everything that is proper to the scale of any other, quite extraneous key. Yes, a key can be expressed exactly and absolutely by other chords as by the chords proper to the scale. But does it really still exist then?

It is by reason of those chords that are not proper to the scale

(called by Schönberg "vagrant" chords) that we find ourselves at any moment at the limits of key. Those vagrant chords are for the most part auxiliary dominants, i.e., the old dominants of the ecclesiastical modes, as well as similar old chords that obtained freedom of our harmonic method. They remained in use in our major and minor modes and are the sole relics of the old modes, generalisations of purely limited styles. Generalisations because of the tendency to similarity in these old modes which allowed of too few possibilities. Accidentals came to be placed where originally they did not belong and thus one mode could, by chance, take on the character of another. But that which at first was accident became, at the finish, use and wont. We see the same happening in our own period of loose tonality.

The chords which Schönberg calls "vagrant" are the diminished seventh (this being the most used; Schönberg accounts, in his book, for forty-four forms), the chords of the augmented five-six, three-four and second, the diminished and augmented triads and their inversions, plus all other variants. All these vagrant chords and variants can quite well be united. In teaching the systematic use of these many chords of the diminished seventh, Schönberg says:—

I have indeed tried to relate the chords of the diminished seventh to the various modes. But this should not confine their sphere of action, it may serve only as a footing for the pupil in his first uncertain steps around the confines of tonality. The possibilities of application should be shown him systematically, so that he will find out by combination what our ears have recognised long before by intuition. Later on the pupil will look upon all these chords . . . as what they are: appearances which rove about homelessly amongst the spheres of the keys, of incredible adaptability and independence.

There is in this book, as we have said before, nothing about melody, hardly anything about rhythm, form (subject) or development. In its strictest sense, it is a book about the necessities of harmonic behaviour, treating of the true harmonic concatenation of chords. Nevertheless the sounds of the chords must be linked together. And this comes to pass in a "non-melodic" manner. The steps and leaps are always in good style, within the bounds of those simple little phrases, already mentioned, which are as useful and effective as may be. They are subject to two general regulations which govern the psychological intelligibility of effective intervals. One is the "law of the nearest way," the other that of simplicity in intervals. The simpler the proportions, the easier the hearing.

As regards the bass, no extraordinary attention is given to this important part, but the movements of the bass, as well as of the other voices, is governed by the theory of "fundamental steps." It is considered that every chord rests on the "tone," the fundamental nature of music. Thus the fundamental note of a chord, not only

the bass note, determines the place of that chord in relation to other chords. The movement of these fundamental notes, i.e., the "fundamental steps," is the most important of the movements in which the different voices indulge. In this Schönberg follows our present general conception of sounds and chords as *accords fondamentaux*, such as Rameau has introduced them and as they are still in vogue, explaining the harmonic synonymy of a chord and its inversions.

This noteworthy book opens interesting perspectives in other directions. But this is perhaps the broad general trend of its argument: that rules, that a single rule, that each rule is relative, that "in all things that have life there is contained the seeds of change which will grow and develop." In this way Schönberg, in teaching his pupils to think about accepted rules, shows them what to think, how to gauge the psychological worth of those different rules which must be followed if a good style is to be obtained, why certain rules were once right, from a given point of view, but are now no longer so. He demonstrates to us, by a perfectly sincere and assured system, the relative value of that system itself. For, based on the assumption that tonality is absolute, this system of the limitation of tonality must contain its own condemnation. The relativity of absolute tonality has answered the weak points in the "absolutist" argument. Schönberg guides his pupils through byways and errors which have been encountered in the endeavour to understand. And a pupil

... sees beauty in this eternal struggle for truth, he perceives that fulfilment is always the point to which desire tends but could as easily be the end of beauty, he realises that harmony—counterbalance—is not a motionless state of inactive factors but a balance of the most highly strung forces. Instruction should enter into life where such forces, such struggles take place. To represent life in art with its mobility, its possibilities of change and its necessities, to acknowledge development as the only eternal law, this should have a more fertile result than to accept any finite point in development because a given system finds its conclusion there.

R. CORT VAN DEN LINDEN,

From the Dutch, by Scott Goddard.

RANDOM LORE AND RECENT BOOKS ABOUT THE VIOLIN*

It was formerly a habit with wizards of the violin to withhold from a wondering world the secrets of their skill. Such, at least, is the only construction to be put upon books which have come down to us from the past. For, as Mr. Pulver pointed out in his paper before the Musical Association a year or two ago, early instruction books upon the violin deal with no more than the rudiments of technique, while works written for the instrument by these early wizards reveal daring ascents even to the fifth and sixth positions. Thus, while such a violinist as Balthazar (newly come from abroad) was astounding the learned worthies of Oxford in the mid-seventeenth century with his marvellous shifting—(astounding them so much that one, in a humoursome way, did stoop down to see if Mr. Balthazar had a "huff")—the rank and file of violinists then, and for some time afterwards clung to the first position as to the very ground beneath their feet. That this was peculiarly true of England any experienced violinist may prove for himself by studying Purcell's string compositions, particularly the sonatas of three and four parts. Play them with the frequent shifts into the third position which are indispensable in modern fingering and the passages feel awkward in the hand and give trouble before they can be made to sound well. Then play them solidly in the first position: half the difficulties and all the awkwardnesses vanish. The evidence of the music itself leads one to suppose that Purcell was a practical violinist, trained in the old English tradition of Davis Mell and Bannister, having little sympathy as a performer with the wizardries of a past Balthazar or the

"Violin Harmonics," by C. E. Jacomb. The Strad Library, No. xxv Crown 8vo. Cloth, 5s.

"Kreutzer and his Studies," by I. M. Somerville. The Strad Library, No. xxvi. Crown, 8vo., cloth. London: The Strad Office, 2 Duncan Terrace, N. 1.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Method of Instrumentation," Vol. i.; "How to Write for Strings," by Edwin Evans, senr. Published by William Reeves, Ltd., 83, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2.

"The Violinist's Dictionary." New Edition very much enlarged, by Frederic Barclay Emery. London: William Reeves, Ltd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"An Encyclopedia of the Violin," by Alberto Bachmann, with an Introduction by Eugene Ysaÿe. Translated by Frederick Martens. Edited by Albert E. Weir, and published by Appleton and Co., New York and London.

frenchified graces of Monsieur Grabu, and as a composer recognising that the immediate future of violin development lay with the Italians.

In more ways than one an indescribable air of romantic secrecy hangs over the early years of the violin. Before the instrument was even as we know it, it had joined forces with the craft mysteries, so dear to the middle ages. Broadly speaking, the violinists in France were to the violin what the Mastersingers were to music in general in Germany. It must be admitted the way was wilder and less reputable, for violinists in those days were accounted odd folk, and frequently regarded as little better than the Jews, Turks and Infidels so distrusted by mediæval christendom. (Even in the nineteenth century a Scotch boy's version of the phrase ran "Jews, Turkeyes and Fiddlers.") The poor things surely felt this discrimination against them, for whatever other people might think, they knew the dignity of their art and obeyed its corporate spirit. On September 14, 1821, these fiddlers, or Menestriers as they were called, formed a corporation with a code of laws. Before long, with the generosity which every musician knows to this day, they built a hospital for poor musicians. The Guild grew, it severed connection with mountebanks and tumblers, and its Superior was called "Roi des Violons." Ultimately a corporation was evolved which formed a queer compound of a musicians' trades union, an examining body, and a benevolent institution. Its power stretched all over France, and in 1658 Louis XIV. gave the Roi des Violons sole right of conferring mastership of the art throughout the kingdom. These rights and mysteries of the Menestriers were fiercely defended: none but masters might play in taverns and public places. "Blacklegs" (as some would now call them) were sent to prison and their instruments destroyed. This might have gone on till the French Revolution, but that the dancing masters, composers and professors had the good sense to free themselves by the end of the seventeenth century from an intolerable handicap on the progress of art.

So there was an end of one kind of mystery. But other mysteries remained. The great violin makers of the Italian school were nearing the zenith of their skill. They could not, obviously, conceal the exquisite proportions of the instruments they made. But the varnish—ah! there was the secret guarded more closely than State documents, handed from master to son or favourite pupil, ending with them, and now an enthralling enigma.

Small wonder then if the wizards—the early violin virtuosi—felt no inclination to commit their secrets to paper. To some favourite pupils, by word of mouth and example, they might transmit their knowledge, but otherwise had no intention of cheapening their art and business by over-explanation.

But exactly as the mediæval necromancer merged into the modern man of science, so the early violin wizards gave place to the more enlightened sages of the art. The great, liberal intellects of Corelli and Tartini combined between them the best intuitive and analytic qualities of past faith and future science. What Corelli did for general technique and style, Tartini did for bowing. Even to-day his "*L'Art de l'Archet*," should be known to every student in its entirety. This is more than can be said for the various violin methods that followed at intervals through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Geminiani, Leopold Mozart, Spohr, famous and useful in their time, are now of historical rather than practical interest. It is in some of the books without words—the studies written by violinists for violinists, that we must look to find what was permanent in eighteenth century theory. Rode, Fiorillo, and above all, Kreutzer, were artists of the broad generous type to whom knowledge is not complete until it is shared. Their Studies and Caprices continue to be the daily fare of countless violinists—and not only young students, but great masters have been glad to acknowledge their debt. Joachim, it is said, would play the thirteenth study of Kreutzer for hours. To people who can recall the marvellous beauty of his arpeggio playing in Bach's "*Chaconne*" the fact acquires double significance.

Wizardry did not go out with the seventeenth century. Locatelli, in the earlier eighteenth, delighted in dazzling his audiences with his technique, and in his "*Labyrinth*" for violin has left at least one puzzle hard to unravel, as pretty a tangle of technique as any reasonable admirer of wizards could wish for. With Paganini, in the nineteenth century, wizardry reached an undreamed-of pinnacle of success. People raved about the great Italian, legends sprang up round him like flames, and in sober earnest—from accounts by competent observers he must certainly have been the most surprising violinist of all time. His marvellous feats of technique mystified and astounded his contemporaries, and for long afterwards few could emulate them. Nowadays wizards have no opportunities for mystery. The sages have given them away, and the passion for secrecy has been superseded by a passion for public exposition. Books are written to explain technique, books to explain composition, and then other books are written about those books, and so on in endless snowball sequence. The only pity is that the proportion of really scholarly works is not larger. Far too many authors have been content with "*chats*" about the violin, anecdotes of celebrated instruments or players, and fluffy disquisitions on this or that sort of fitment. Great authoritative monographs, such as those on Maggini and Stradivarius, issued some years ago by Messrs. Hill, are few and far between.

Under present conditions it is perhaps too much to hope for many

books of such calibre. But there is still a field for small monographs, and the "Strad"—that hardy perennial little English journal devoted to the violin—seems to have set itself to fill it. Among its more recently issued volumes is one devoted to those very Studies of Kreutzer which have already been mentioned. The author, I. M. Somerville, is probably right in thinking that long familiarity has dulled appreciation of the musical value of Kreutzer's famous "Forty Two," and there can be no doubt he is right when he says many students are left to practise by rote without understanding clearly what they ought to do, or why they fail in doing it. His lucid, practical comments upon the Studies put the main facts concerning each into a nutshell: as neat a row as ever squirrel needed for a winter garner. Take No. 14, for instance, over which almost every violinist must recollect feeling so short of bow as to be positively short of breath. Somerville recommends as the first step a harmonic analysis, since "good intonation is more likely to result if the player is aware of the nature of the chord he is playing." He then deals thoroughly with the position of the left hand which, for example, "should be more forward while in the key of A from bars 1 to 9 than at the modulation to F at bar 15," and recommends separate practice of the hard intervals. His hints on sparing the bow at the beginning of the phrases, on allowing for notes that require extra pressure, etc., are admirable, and his concluding words are as quaint as they are wise: "Anything in the nature of an elopement with this study on the part of the player would be most reprehensible. He should keep it at a tempo that is very sedate." A biographical note which prefaces the book is barely more than a sketch, but it does give some idea, when read in conjunction with the Studies, of the solidity, brilliance and individuality of Kreutzer's style.

It is rather an interesting indication of the technique prevalent in Kreutzer's day that not one of his Studies deals with violin harmonics. Nowadays they form an indispensable part of a virtuoso's equipment, though even when well played they are not things to please all tastes. If ill played they sound only too like the marmots of whom a French gentleman said when they made a noise they "siffled."

That a clear understanding of the subject will help violinists to make good harmonics is the hopeful view of C. E. Jacomb, author of "Violin Harmonics," another treatise in the Strad Library. The hope does honour to his heart, otherwise it is Utopian. Many violinists will always remain among the marmots. Moreover, the monograph, though most sound and helpful in the part devoted to the Practice of Harmonics, is by no means so thorough in the pages on their theory. In his chapter on "Tartini Notes" the author is distinctly ambiguous—if such a word as "distinct" can be applied

in the circumstances! He says: "Just as in the case of the piano, where harmonics are faintly audible every time a note is struck, harmonics of a similar nature occur every time a note is played on the violin. These harmonics are called 'Tartini Notes.'" Mr. Jacomb may not have expressed his full meaning, but the obvious construction to be put upon his remarks is that he has confused those harmonics of the natural series which occur in a given order above a single note—the fundamental—with the third resultant tone which is heard when two musical tones of different pitches are sounded together at any interval less than an octave. These resultant tones ("terzi suoni")—or third sounds—are the true Tartini tones. The great violinist is said to have discovered them by chance in 1714, and "at once, without reserve, communicated his discovery to professors of the violin." With his intense refinement of hearing he detected what no scientist could then explain. It was left to Helmholtz to discover the cause and rule. As so often before in the past, the artists led and the learned lagged.

The fact is, there are two great territories of violin harmonics: (1) those which are directly produced by touching the strings and which lie as it were, on this side of the threshold; (2) those which come of themselves in the train of fundamental tones and their combinations, and which lie beyond the threshold. The first sort are audible to all hearers at a distance, the second audible only in intimacy and to fine ears. They are a realm of sound almost untraversed by the modern world. The researches now being carried on by Miss Kathleen Schlesinger in this most ethereal region are of extraordinary interest. Mr. Jacomb barely indicates its existence. He is, however, practical, and his "tables" and "tips" should be useful both to violinists and to composers. In this connection they make good a gap, intentionally left open in the admirable handbook "How to Write for Strings," by Edwin Evans, senr. His volume is addressed primarily to students as the first part of a Method of Instrumentation, but it will probably be read also by string players with intense satisfaction since it says scores of things which they must often have longer to say for themselves. Here at last is some one to defend them and their instruments from the imperious demands of keyboard composers, and—still worse—composers who play upon no instrument save the pen! Violinists with orchestral experience will chuckle over the chapters on elementary string technique, passage work and bowing, for Mr. Evans can crystallise a wealth of observation into a word. When he says of shifts on the violin that "a high position should not suddenly be assumed with indifference to its difficulty, but led up to in some gradual way," hardly a violinist but will recall some dreadful instance of the callousness he condemns. And when he discusses such a

technical point as the right use of open strings or stopped notes on the violin, violinists will feel he is indeed one of themselves.

This confraternity of violinists has no limits of nationality, no trade union rules. But it is more indissoluble than the Menestriers' kingdom and forms one of the finest freemasonries in music. The only essential for membership is love of the violin, and that again is the sign by which members recognise each other. When a book gets this freemasonry into its pages, it will never be dull.

It is this sort of enthusiasm for the violin and for the good of the brethren which pervades Emery's "Dictionary for Violinists." The author hopes his "small work" may appeal to those who love their violin. There is something pleasant in his use of the term "small," for the Dictionary contains over four thousand terms with their definitions, as well as addenda and appendices. Only the volume is small; the labour which has gone to its compilation is certainly very large, and besides its usefulness as a book of reference, the Dictionary makes interesting reading of the tabloid type. The author evidently holds the view that to love and learn the violin should be synonymous with a liberal musical education, and he throws his net wide over all that may be useful towards that end. In only one particular he is confusing, and that is when he endeavours to give the right pronunciation for the names of important composers for the violin. To guess the identity of ow'ër, bākh, bāt-hō fën, brāms, kwē, hīd'n, and ē-sī-yū would be a merry jest for any wet day.

An encyclopedia may be regarded as the exaltation of a dictionary. Monsieur Alberto Bachmann's "Encyclopedia of the Violin" certainly merits this position. The book is full of the freemasonry of the violin and of valuable information. Indeed, it is several books in one. Its author was a friend and pupil of Ysäye. Well informed, and agreeably informing, Bachmann carried out with enthusiasm the task he had set himself, which was nothing less than to assemble under one cover adequate information upon matters of historical, mechanical, technical, critical and biographical importance relating to the violin. It was a large resolve, largely carried out, yet in hardly any instance does it touch upon ground covered by the books already reviewed here. Strange!—and yet not strange, for even the greatest wizards, sages, and elder brethren are but as children when matched against the reality of music, and

"The beauty of the thing when childer plays
Is the terrible wonderful length the days is."

In the original edition the Encyclopedia was homogeneous in intention, faithful in accomplishment, written with the insight of a musician, and the instincts of a scholar saturated in cosmopolitan culture before

the war. This new edition, translated into English, has been brought up to date by an American editor, Albert E. Weir. There is something ironic in the juxtaposition. It recalls the old Scotch story of the woman whose daughter had lately been married, and who, when asked by a neighbour how the girl fared, replied: "Fine, fine. 'Tis true she doesna like the man, but *then there are aye objections.*"

In this volume we have to resign ourselves to the presence of the editor: also to the absence of many facts necessary to bring the new edition up to date. Nominally it is still Bachmann's book—the work of a single pen. Actually it is a pastiche, or (more picturesquely) a case of dual personality. Between the sober green covers a struggle is developed which has no end save that of the book—a silent unresolvable antagonism between two ideals, two types of education, two civilisations. Bachmann writes as an enthusiast and an artist, he addresses himself to the great republic of music. Albert E. Weir states that "the preparation of M. Bachmann's 'Encyclopedia of the Violin' from the practical and commercial standpoint has been a source of great pleasure," and he addresses himself to the great Republic of America.

The opening chapters are devoted to the early history and construction of the violin, bow, strings, etc. Though the account of the origin of the violin is somewhat nebulous, it is redeemed by the most charming pictures of angelic performers on earthly instruments, while the particulars of construction are intensely interesting and totally unfamiliar to people outside the "trade." How many violinists, even, know that sixty-eight pieces are required to make a violin? It is curious that Bachmann ignores the change from the out-curved to the in-curved bow, yet it was about the most important thing that ever happened in the history of the bow, wire E strings, too, are never mentioned. It may be, of course, that everyone connected with the encyclopedia totally disapproves of them, and hopes that by ignoring them they will cease to exist.

A short chapter on violin teaching and study leads to the most interesting portion of the book, that dealing with violin playing. The statement concerning the fourth position as the limit of pre-Paganini technique requires revision, and some remarks on the position of the bow arm and thumb of the left hand would have been welcome, but allowing for omissions, the chapters on "How to Practise," "Tone and its development," "Tone and the various Bowings," "The use of the Bow," "Accentuation or Emphasis," and "The Glissando or Portamento" are full of a mellow wisdom that positively endears the writer to the reader. "A musician without rhythm is no more than an amateur, but an amateur without rhythm is a destroyer," is one of his epigrams.

In a chapter on "Violin Collecting in Europe and America," by Jay Freeman, suddenly interpolated, no mention is made of Luigi Tarisio, the most famous collector in history, while pre-eminence is bestowed on Count Cozio di Salabue (persistently referred to as Count Cozio di Salabere), who "being an ardent admirer of Stradivarius, formed a large collection of both his instruments and his pupils." One likes the picture conjured up of pupils in glass cases! Of two lists of famous violins which Mr. Freeman inserts, one shows their relative value in dollars in 1900 and 1924, and the other shows the celebrated instruments which are owned by private persons in the United States, or by artists who frequently visit that country. . . . Possibly the dollar is the modern tomahawk?

The last part of the Encyclopedia consists of lists: a list of internationally famous quartets, of chamber music tempi, of phonograph records of violinists, of musical terms, a biographical dictionary of violinists, a list of literature relating to the violin, and a list of violin music, containing the names of over seven thousand solos. As far as Bachmann went these lists seem to have been correct and comprehensive. They are still useful, but would be more authoritative if brought up to date. In their present state they are about as near to being accurate as the average double bass player is to being dead in tune. Worse still, no sign is given to distinguish between arrangements and original works. Purcell never wrote a sonata for unaccompanied violin. The couple listed here are probably those arranged by Madame Harriet Solly from the "Twelve Sonatas of Three Parts." Pictorial illustrations, however, are strewn sumptuously all through the volume, and the portraits of violins and of violinists are exceptionally interesting. The former are beautiful, the latter intermittently so. Pugnani, poor wretch, looks like a fowl.

Altogether the Encyclopedia is a human, useful book, full of things to think about. But the really unforgettable phrase in it comes from the compositor. By one of those deft, Olympian twists that are his prerogative, he translates the term "Solo" into "Solar" artist. Here at length is the "mot juste." With him shall be left the last word on wizards of the violin.

MARION M. SCOTT.

HECTOR BERLIOZ

To the majority of men Hector Berlioz is merely a name. His greatness is accepted because so many great men have done, and still do, him homage, but the causes of his greatness are unknown. In the history of music he stands like Melchizedek of old, a great, solitary Priest of art to whom the kings of the earth pay tribute; a legendary figure with neither parentage nor progeny, who never moves among the common clay except when some occasion of importance brings him before the public once again.

In some ways as great as, or even greater than, the Giants of the Past, he lacked one gift which they possessed—the power to present himself in every detail on a small but satisfactory scale. Beethoven, Bach and Handel were undoubtedly giants, but they were something more than giants, resembling rather those strange supernatural monsters of the East called Genii, who could in their more expansive moments fill the whole arch of Heaven, but yet who could at will compress their glory and immensity into the narrowest confines of a fisherman's bottle. The exact size of a fisherman's bottle is unimportant, because even if the bottle were an outsize in bottles it would still have been a remarkable feat of compression on the part of the genie. This power those three men undoubtedly possessed. Thus Beethoven, in the immensity of the Ninth Symphony more than fills the Albert Hall, but he is able, in the "Appassionata," to express that grandeur with the simple resources of a cottage piano.

As a mere exponent of power Berlioz was the equal of any genie; he could rend asunder the heavens; he could shake the foundations of the earth; he could people the earth with witches; he could carry us into the yawning jaws of Hell. But to put himself into a bottle, no! that he could not do. It is true that he did leave a few small pieces of great beauty, such as "The Captive" and "The Shepherd's Farewell," but from them we should know but little of the real Berlioz, whereas from the "Appassionata" we could gauge the full capacity of Beethoven.

It is not my purpose, however, to discover the causes of the strange, isolated position held by Berlioz in the world of music (these causes are too obvious to need much discovery), but to analyse his methods of work and his mental attitude to composition, which differed from that of almost all composers, before or since his time. To understand

how Berlioz's method differed from the normal, it is necessary first to know what the normal method is.

Before a man becomes a composer he must burn with the general desire to create. He must have the desire to set the Thames on fire, before he has either seen the Thames or possessed himself of a box of matches. There is a passage in the Book, "Genesis," which illustrates in a remarkable way the working of the creative mind. Doubtless its apparent self-contradiction renders it scientifically false, but it is just this apparent self-contradiction which renders it artistically true. In verse 3, it is written: "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." In verse 16, it is written: "And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night." That is, the idea of light existed in God's mind before He had the definite ideas for light. So in the composition of a work of art, the idea of a work exists in the mind of the man before the ideas of the work are created. It is probably true that every boy, when he conceives the idea of being a novelist, sees in his mind's eye a whole shelf of his own novels beautifully bound in a uniform edition, although he has no ideas either of the names or subjects of a single story. But having reached the first stage in an artist's career, the desire to create, his mind from that time forth becomes creative. The idea of a work being conceived, the ideas for the work will develop. Doubtless after Beethoven had completed his second symphony, he conceived the idea of writing a grand symphony in a style before then unimagined. Then, having the idea of the "Eroica" symphony in his mind, he began to germinate and collect ideas for the "Eroica."* From this point he began to select, reject and arrange his ideas for the fabric of the symphony, and then, having perfected his ideas and having completed the design, he set to work upon the colouring.

Berlioz, however, worked from the opposite direction. First of all he conceived the general idea of some magnificent orchestral colouring—we can imagine him swept away by an idea exclaiming: "What a tremendous effect I might get illustrating such-and-such a picture or idea." Then, having planned his effect, exactly how many acres of drum surface and how many platoons of string-players he would require, he set to work to provide the details of the design for his huge picture. His method of work would only have been conjecture (but a well substantiated conjecture, nevertheless) had not he himself let the cat out of the bag. The cat which he obligingly released is the following statement: "As yet (about 1822)

* This principle is indeed the principle of all creation; to expand the idea fully would take too much space besides dragging art into the dark and dangerous paths of psychology.

I had never seen a full score . . . but one day I stumbled across a piece of paper ruled with twenty-four staves, and in a flash I saw the splendid scope this would give for various kinds of orchestral effects. 'What orchestration I might get with that,' I said, and from that moment my music-love became a madness."

Such a keen scent had he for the effective that in every composition it is the passage or passages definitely immense or supernatural which stand out from the rest of the work. To his imagination things horrible, grotesque, supernatural and devilish were as a brand of flame to a magnesium-wire; the result of the contact being a blinding flash of almost unbearable brilliance. So easily was his imagination kindled by such subjects that the sight of some suggestive word often sent him dashing off on the wrong track like a hound who picks up a false scent. In the "Te Deum," for instance, he scents an effect in the word "Judex." Instantly he conjures up a vision of the Last Judgment—a doomed city, splendid as the fabulous cities of the East, with ivory towers and marble palaces, stretching tier on tier into the shadowy distance; over this scene of one-time earthly grandeur the sun, eclipsed and deathly, sheds a baleful light; multitudes upon multitudes surge about the marble terraces, terrified, perplexed, and deprecating with their anguished cries the awful judgment of the omniscient and most righteous Judge.

No one questions the splendour of the music, but is it the true interpretation of the hymn? Actually, St. Augustine and his collaborator wrote: "Thou art the king of Glory, O Christ . . . we believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge. We therefore pray thee help thy servants." Berlioz has reconstructed the text to make it bear a different interpretation, by running two isolated sentences together, thus: "We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge: Let me never be confounded." To St. Austin "Judex" was simply an attribute of the all-loving Christ: to Berlioz "Judex" was the great, terrible and implacable Jehovah. By so distorting the verses, Berlioz makes sad havoc of the sense. "Ergo quæsumus," a dependent sentence, being robbed of its principal sentence, "Judex crederis esse venturus," has no right to exist, nor reason for its existence. But Berlioz cared for none of these things.

This revelation of the mental workings of Berlioz is interesting because it shows the peculiarity of his mind, which, by reason of its too rapid seizure of a significant idea, completely failed to distinguish between *oratio recta* and *oratio obliqua*, that is, between the thing done in actual fact and the thing reported to have been done. If an incident is written in direct speech, then it is the duty of the composer to illustrate it as fully as he may; if, however, it is written in indirect speech, it may be his duty to ignore the dramatic

or pictorial features entirely. For instance, in an opera, the hero, Tito, condemned to death may say to the heroine, Marcella :

Hark I hear the trumpet's cry,
Which drags me from thy side to die.

In which case it is the duty of the composer to provide the trumpet which poor Tito is to hear. But, if in a later act Tito (reprieved, as all good heroes are) sings, as he sits before a roaring fire eating buttered toast : "Only to think, dear Marcella, that this time a week ago I said to you, 'Hark I hear the trumpet's cry, which drags me from thy side to die,' " the composer would be entirely wrong in providing the trumpet note, though, if possible, he should suggest a gleam of terror in the music by way of reminiscence, just as we shudder slightly at the memory of an only-just-averted motor smash. This, then, was Berlioz's mistake in setting the "Te Deum." In itself it was of little consequence (rather, it is a musical gain), but nevertheless it is, as the offspring of Berlioz's imagination, symptomatic of a dangerous mental disease—his passion for realism.

The duty of an artist is to present to public contemplation certain scenes from life, purged of all those features which disfigure life; for life is always too big, sometimes too gross, sometimes too wearisome, sometimes too personal, to be reproduced exactly in art. In "King Lear" Shakespeare brings the aged King across the stage during a terrific storm; this storm is part of the dramatic situation. During this scene Shakespeare has given King Lear some great poetical outbursts. Actually, this scene as written by a grim and uncompromising realist would read as follows :—

Lear : Blow winds and crack your (*thunder*).

Fool : What?

Lear : Crack your cheeks!

Fool : Black your cheeks?

Lear : No, crack (*thunder*).

Fool : What?

Lear : Crack!

Fool : Smack! Can't hear.

Lear : Aunt who?

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But Shakespeare was far too sensible to be strictly logical, and makes a judicious compromise between facts and fiction. So, too, many novelists have to suggest certain features in their characters

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which cannot be portrayed realistically—either the character is too coarse or too voluble to be exhibited fully in the pages of a book. That some people find the speeches of Miss Bates* as tedious to read as her acquaintances did to hear, shows how difficult it is even for a master of her craft like Jane Austen to effect a perfectly satisfying compromise.

Berlioz, like Zola, was an extremist who was not satisfied with adumbrating the shadow, but insisted upon supplying the substance. He was not content with suggesting the terror of the Trump of Judgment, but he prides himself on the fact that he frightened one lady into hysterics. He was not content with viewing each scene from the centre, but he determined that each member of the audience should view it from the same position. As though at a performance of "Julius Caesar," the manager were to arrange that, in order that the audience should fully enter into the feelings of the murdered man, they should be severally stabbed in the back by specially appointed attendants, armed with daggers of a serviceable, though not too penetrative, make. To Berlioz to purge by fear was not enough. His audience must quail with fear; must shake with fear; must be physically and mentally distressed by fear. Then he was satisfied: then his work was done.

It must be admitted that Berlioz's imagination, though fierce and dramatic, was occasionally crude and unhealthy, leading him to acts of folly, from which most men would have been saved, if not by a sense of fitness, at least by a sense of humour. Such an act of folly was to hurl Faust and Mephistopheles into an anthropomorphically-conceived Hell. The ride which precedes the Fall is superb. We see Faust, stricken with remorse and impelled by a sudden longing to save the condemned Margaret, mounted on his magic horse, while galloping close to his side is the fiend Mephistopheles, knowing with cynical humour both the imagined and the real destination of his victim. They pass a crowd of worshippers before a wayside Cross, but on they gallop madly as before; hideous birds of night fly terrified across their path; they hear the solemn tolling of a bell—poor Margaret, then, is dead. "Shall they stop?" the fiend enquires. "No! No!" shouts Faust, "on, on to the goal." Where else is he to go? Behind him stretches out a life of horror: in front of him looms Hell. The horses shake with fear. Phantoms leer about them as they ride, but on, on . . . and then they fall headlong into a seething mob of devils exulting over the destruction of the soul of Faust. I do not know how devils such as these express themselves (I am not an extensive traveller), but my own imagination tells me

* The garrulous spinster in the novel, "Emma."

that whatever hideous sounds they mouthed and yelled, to Faust as he lay half-stunned with horror and dismay, they seemed to utter but one single word, softly, menacingly, reproachfully and with bitterness that struck eternal pain into the soul of Faust, and that one word was "Margaret."

The whole scene as it stands in the score is so utterly ludicrous that it is difficult to understand any man of intelligence putting it upon paper. But Berlioz, in spite of his sense of humour, had very little sense of the ridiculous or he could never have written or conceived the music that he did. What man with a sense of the ridiculous would have made the Virgin Mary sing to the infant Jesus: "See, darling; here be tender grasses! Give them to these lambs that are bleating so mild." Admitting that men are hopelessly ignorant of the habits of babies, Berlioz's common sense ought to have told him that it is not usual to entrust the foddering of cattle to babies under one week old.

Krebs, a contemporary of Berlioz, once said that Berlioz's music was dangerous and a bad example for succeeding generations. His judgment was right. Berlioz's exposition of the way to produce effects has enabled many composers to transform worthless rubbish into attractive rubbish. Such music is described as effective (equal, perhaps, to *alpha minus*) or else, if conspicuously lacking in substance, as "undeniably effective" (the equivalent of *gamma* or *plough*). To-day composers must write for an orchestra of virtuosos. This means that amateur orchestras never come in contact with contemporary orchestral works by the leading composers. To write, as Brahms, Schubert and Beethoven wrote, music for an orchestra is *démodé*: We must write orchestral music, exploiting every instrument to its fullest capacity. A sign, alas! of decadence. Feats of orchestral virtuosity will last just as long as feats of instrumental virtuosity, that is, until the next man comes along and does the same thing in a different way.

Berlioz himself never, or rarely, failed to provide designs, and good designs, for his brilliant colouring. His works are full of melodies, grandiose, plaintive, tender or terrible, as the situation demands, though, as is only to be expected from a man so dramatically-minded, the meditative portions of his works are often trite, awkward and graceless. Like all men who have some peculiar power, he depends more than other composers upon finding a subject suitable for the display of that power. If a man possesses a pair of seven-league boots, he may, when the occasion arises, turn this power to account, but in a drawing-room and in an office they will not only be found useless, but an inconvenience. The novelist Defoe had a peculiar power, the power of veracious mendacity. He wrote many

works of no great value, except when he hit upon the story of "Robinson Crusoe," where such a peculiar power was just the power demanded. The result was a masterpiece of fiction. So, too, Berlioz depended upon finding a subject suitable to his unusual and abnormal sensibilities. For this reason his music cannot be ranked as a whole beside the greatest music of the world. Great music, like all great art, as Sir Leslie Stephen points out, is the product of a healthy mind, and Berlioz's mind was very far from healthy. It lacked balance and a sense of proportion: it lacked all self-restraint and loved excess; it gloated over horrors and distorted truth. Is it likely, then, that the products of such a mind can have a lasting or valuable message for humanity? Occasionally we have some representative work of his, and in a feverish excitement we enjoy it; but after it is over and the shouting done, we return home and nurse ourselves back to normal once again with a humorous Rondo of Haydn, or a delicate Prelude of Bach.

A. E. BRENT SMITH.

ON LISTENING TO MUSIC

IN his interesting discussion of contemporary music, Dr. George Dyson* has suggested the task of delineating "what we may call, borrowing a famous phrase, varieties of religious experience." This is certainly, as he says, a task of Herculean proportions. But the foundations of it are slowly but surely being laid in the studies of auditory and musical capacity that are now flowing steadily from a number of psychological laboratories in America, Germany and Britain.

As far as the elements of auditory capacity are concerned, a considerable part of the ground of individual differences has already been surveyed. It is long since Abraham published his study of the gift of absolute ear in the "Sammelbände der internationalen Musikgesellschaft,"† and everyone knows that this gift is a relatively rare occurrence. We know clearly from Seashore's work how the capacity for discrimination of pitch differences is distributed.‡ But we have no definite estimate yet of the ability to recognise intervals and chords. It cannot be very common, as the facts set out by various experimental studies indicate. Teachers of music know that even sensitive students are liable to great uncertainty and frequent error in such elementary matters.

How hopelessly at sea they must be about the more complex aspects of music! That is the inevitable inference from such widespread limitations. Dr. Dyson proceeds: "Knowing as we do how few are those who can recognise with immediate certainty and constant accuracy even the simplest discords, it follows infallibly that the apparent appreciation of music is frequently something quite other than those of us who specialise in it might presume." "It is at least very difficult to avoid the conclusion that to a considerable proportion of the audiences which hear them, the actual sounds in music are often comparable to those indeterminate aural impressions associated in nature with inflection or with movement. The rustle of leaves, the sigh of the wind, the roll of breakers, the clatter of hoofs, the expressiveness of animal notes and cries, above all the powerful effects of intonation and inflection in human speech; im-

* Proc. Mus. Assoc., 1924, 50, 52 f

† 1901, p. 1 ff. 1906, p. 105 ff.

‡ C. Seashore, "The Psychology of Musical Talent."

pressions differing in degree rather than in kind from these vague natural sounds, must play a very large part in the appreciation of music by the untutored ear. This is probably an important element in the attraction of programme music."

And a similar reflection has been expressed by an eminent German writer on musical science—Professor Stumpf. "How any truly artistic intelligent enjoyment of our harmonic and polyphonic music can occur, apart from all analysis and all apprehension of the independent movement of parts, we simply cannot understand. We will not deny, of course, that a stream of quite unanalysed masses of sound, by the rise and fall of the whole and the change of timbre and of degrees of time and force can arouse certain 'musical' moods. The enjoyer may then comport himself to the music as he might to the changing colours of a kaleidoscope or to a passionate oration."* The emphasis in this passage lies, of course, entirely on the words "intelligent enjoyment" (*verstehender Genuss*), and it implies two attitudes towards music: the one that of the educated musician who knows what is happening all the time, appreciates the relations of all its parts, simultaneous and successive, and delights in them appropriately; the other that of the uneducated, whether they be naturally† musical or not. The former must be very few; the latter must form the larger part of the public that attends the better type of concert and practically all the audience in the types of concert that border on the inartistic.

But Stumpf is surely postulating the impossible! How could anyone with even the average equipment of musical talent attend carefully to music without analysing it at all, and still more without following the movements of the parts? Surely the first assumption we must make in this discussion is that our audience listens attentively and does not, like Dr. Agnes Savill, cling proudly and obstinately to some habitual "complex."‡

There are, of course, many who habitually do not listen; for they have thoroughly learnt not to listen! Where piano playing of a crude kind has gone on in a house for years, the only defence of sane minds is not to listen. The vague clatter of sound not analysed may even be acceptable as a stimulus to the imagination or as a cloak

* *Abh. Preuss. A. K. Wiss.* 1917, 8, 56 f.

† By "naturally musical," I mean partly, but not necessarily, those gifts of pitch discrimination, absolute ear, and memory for sounds that are such important native endowments, and partly the willingness to receive and consider impressions bearing an æsthetic appeal, whether musical or otherwise, that will make such talents live. It is impossible to abstract the influence of education in the widest sense from the latter part, but no distinct process of musical education is implied in it.

‡ "Music, Health and Character," London, 1923, especially Chapter 1. The complex was apparently one of the "superiority" type (*Cf.* p. 6).

to hide the silence of the home or the vacancy of family mind. The music of our cinemas has this chief function perhaps. It keeps the subconscious mind of the audience engaged with rhythms that drain off the many nervous impulses and tremors of our overstrained populace and prevent them thinking much about the folk around them in the hall. It takes them out of rapport with one another by rendering any slight expressions of discomfort or disapproval inaudible—and in the semi-darkness invisible also. Their minds are kept full of impressions that avoid all shock, induce a gentle relaxation, drain off all criticism, and convert a thousand restless souls into a mass of spiritual mud that will flow into any mould set before it. Who ever remembers any of the music provided, so long as the films are really interesting? And what is more exasperating than to have to listen to really attractive or to simply bad music then? The *entr'acte* music of our theatres serves the same purpose. How maddening the stuff can be that is often sandwiched between the acts of deeply interesting and moving plays! We may guess from its presence, expense, and kind how much our public feels the need of a drowning, draining, dementing noise, when it gathers together.

That is the sort of audience that does not listen. But it is surely not the audience of the concert room! Concerts and operas are often too long, and the music may be too difficult, so that attention wanders away into the reveries and dreams that wait upon us at such times. And unfamiliarity is the same thing psychologically as difficulty. It is tiring for most of us to listen to an hour's lecture, and most lecturers are soon persuaded to keep close to that usual limit. Few audiences, even of students, will readily accept with comfort a discourse of two hours on a single theme or systematic subject. And at lectures we are all using our thinking mind, really co-operating mentally with the lecturer. Unfamiliar music, if it is listened to carefully, demands quite as close attention. It seems strange that people should listen to new music for anything from two to five hours. The time beyond the lower limit is surely wasted, except in that the ear thereby grows more habituated to the general character of the idioms traversed.

Popular concerts have to be comparatively short and fragmentary. Items must be separated by distinct intervals filled with entrances and exits. There must be a large proportion of old familiar, if not quite popular items. And all effects must be made exaggeratedly, desperately clear. Rubatos become shameless robberies, fortissimos are deafening, pianissimos are soundless, sentiment wallows in slush, and excitement ends in a cubism of hands and a hurricane of notes; a tum-tum rhythm and a slur of melody is all that speed may leave

us. But everyone knows absolutely where he is and what is expected of him. The climaxes are so patent that analysis and wonder, criticism itself, are superfluous even for the dullest. Such "aids" to appreciation make light work even of the newest in music.

However deplorable these perversions may be, there is no doubt that the demand for old favourites in popular and in plebiscite concerts is most sane and sensible. Music has had to struggle hard till now with the expense and trouble entailed in the repetition that any proper appreciation of it implies. The gramophone and radiophone should do much to remove this difficulty from those who cannot provide their own music. It would be extremely interesting to know on the basis of some extensive enquiry precisely what effect each successive hearing of a piece of music has, even until satiety and boredom supervene. There is at least an extraordinary difference between the first and the second hearing. We often seem at the second to meet a strangely altered work; for now the instreaming impressions are met by inner expectations. And how greatly the clarity and pleasure of listening increase with each successive repetition, until we seem at a certain stage to be borne on wings of song. I suppose there is for everyone a time, sooner or later, when analysis becomes easiest. Technical and professional students will be eager to attain this end at the earliest possible moment, and they may often reach it before the maximal familiarity and enjoyment have been experienced. They may analyse first and then relax in enjoyment. But for others less versed and zealous, analysis begins only when familiarity lends the necessary basis and aid. And the feeling then may be that adumbrated by Debussy, when we begin to see what each quick change and movement means, when the mere paraphernalia of the showman's bag lie open to the inner eye.

So we must distinguish between the work of art as effect or enjoyment, and our knowledge about it or criticism. It is a mistake to suppose that music without technical knowledge and analysis is like an oration in a foreign tongue—sounds differing in stress, speed, rudimentary melody, expressive of the crudest emotions, but devoid of "meaning." Meaning does not bear the same relation to speech as technical knowledge and analysis bear to music. It is certainly easy to grasp these rudimentary changes of sound. They are the lowest rungs on the scale of auditory intelligence: even a child can reach them in his earliest years adding them to the "programmes" set by his playful imagination. But average concert audiences are endowed beyond the reach of the æsthetic intelligence of four or five years of age! There are musical syntheses of wider scope that emerge in the mind quite spontaneously without tuition or knowledge, just in the same way as the native capacity of intelligence, as we

now believe, extends spontaneously with advancing years to more complex performances. And the most important of these syntheses of music are the melodic figures that we call tunes, themes, motives, parts, voices, and so on.

The apprehension of these needs no training, but only repetition; it needs no analysis, but only open attention; it needs no technical knowledge whatever. It is the art of the composer to figure his melodies and parts so that they shall find as clear and easy an entry and steady ground in the hearer's mind as from time to time he deems requisite for his purposes. And by his skill he should be able to make them of any required grade of clarity. The whole of classical music up to the beginning of the modern revolutionary period is characterised by this principle of melodic intelligibility. The word "intelligibility," of course, may wrongly suggest that understanding is its essential component. But it is not so. The essence is melodic clarity. I have suggested the use of the term paraphony for it. For that word implies that a number of voices or parts shall sound together or alongside one another without obscuring or confusing each other's motion or progress. In a Bach fugue or a Beethoven quartet, if it is well played, and there is time to repeat it until it is familiar, any attentive hearer with a modicum of effort or search may soon learn to hear nearly all the parts nearly all the time, or at least at some time or other, as continuous voices. When he can no longer do so explicitly, we can show at least that he does so implicitly; for if he did not do so, he would not pass the music as then pleasant and continuously acceptable. For that is the standard by which technical generalisations and criticisms of the texture of classical music have been formed.

The same applies to those conjunctions of voices that we call harmonies and their special elaborations. They become familiar effects whether they can be named or not, or even whether the hearer proves unable to attach names to them correctly after practice. It may seem absurd to claim that a mind can distinguish what it cannot learn to name. But the fact is patent enough in the case of pitch differences. There are very few people who have absolute ear, even for a single instrument. Does their inability to name correctly the pitch of a single tone imply that all tones throughout a considerable range are identical to their ears, are the same pitch of tone? Certainly not! Otherwise over ninety-nine per cent. of any concert audience would really be tone deaf. Well then, the inability to name intervals infallibly or with moderate success or even at all, does not imply failure to feel their differences. Similarly for chords. How few of us can recognise chords as we spell words! Most listeners of practice would be hard put to it to name any chord at all. But

they can freely appreciate their effects. As for keys, the number of persons who can name the key of a first-heard work at once must be as small as that of the absolute ears, I imagine. Relative changes will be grasped more readily, but there are vast numbers who could not name any difference of key securely—even merely major or minor—who are still quite able to feel the effect of changes from one to the other.

But I grant, of course, that this defect of knowledge creates serious limitations. It reduces the listener's span of appreciation of effects to a bare minimum. It implies a distinctly lower range of musical intelligence. And there must be a vast region of sensitivity, appreciation, and joy that is thereby closed to him. But it can hardly be said to place him on the level of a mind impervious to meanings. Let us rather suggest comparison with the average intellect of commonsense that is devoid of explicit logic, mathematics, science or philosophy. It is robust, appreciative, and fit for good jury service, but it is not spontaneous, analytical or judicious. It cannot criticise technically or artistically, and it cannot create. Nevertheless it may pass some fair way towards these remoter ends in so far as it makes sure of itself by constant repetition and strengthens its weak auditory capacity with the keener sense of vision and the studious analysis of the printed notes.

And, after all, of course even the finest musical judgment rests ultimately and primarily upon feeling for effects. Without this all the knowledge of them that could be conceived would be mere pedantry. Knowledge has its value only in so far as it names effects and traces the relations between them that can also be felt, even though the range of effects is greatly extended by the presence of this supporting knowledge. Knowledge in itself does not embody any new æsthetic effects in music, for it is no part of the business of music to use knowledge æsthetically as poetry does.

And on the other hand it would be rash to set the insight of criticism and analysis, in this connection, too high. Most of our current musical criticism might well be written by persons devoid of all *special* musical equipment. Perhaps it takes its character necessarily from the public it is addressed to, which would refuse to read any technical expressions. But reviews for musicians are not too free with technical criticism and analysis either, if we except the facile art of musical quotation, which may mean much or little. The reader usually has to discover for himself the most of what it does mean. And whatever we may think of the technical analyses of the old textbooks, the new era has proved very sluggishly fertile in useful technical criticisms. But perhaps for this defect the modern phobia against "rules" may be responsible. A phobia may

be a mere excuse for what we know we cannot do or a plea against what we do not want to see done. In any case, it leaves the art of criticism very little effort to make and little responsibility to bear. It brings the critic into very close kinship with the facile recorder of effects, only rather more facile and confident than the average musical auditor.

The work to be assumed by a conscientious critic who aims at the formulation of a standard, on the contrary, must be of the hardest. He must, of course, outpace the rate of musical absorption that is characteristic of his day. That will follow naturally from his increased opportunities and harder work. In virtue of his greater practice he should be able to guide his public towards the more acceptable novelties. And for such judgment balance of sensitivity is the first requisite. The difficulty of new music lies in the novelty of style it may contain. Every hearer brings to it a mind that has been trained on the music of his own generation and that has been brought thereby into a certain average state of expectancy, sensitivity and appreciation. Upon such a mind any distinctly novel work must enter awkwardly. Every new idiom will stand forth prominently, either as a joyful complement to some half-felt expectation that previous musical experiences have created or as a discordant feature that calls for considerable readjustment of the old system or is repelled by it. It is these purple patches that make any contemporary estimation of true musical values so hard or impossible, especially if they colour the whole work by some radical change of style, as in modern music.

The duty of the critic is therefore to leap ahead of his time, testing his experience constantly till he finds some new balance of sensitivity that is of strong enduring worth. He must, of course, constantly be concerned with the very latest creations. But ideally, at least, his more extensive and assured judgments should be concerned with what has become for him classical, but for his audience is still in the main new and unbalanced. And, ideally too, he should be able in some way to indicate what the precise character and being of the balance in style technically consist of. Generally, however, he will be too busy recording his judgments to have time to analyse them in the professorial manner.

But is such analysis possible at all, you may say? Does not the evidence of the ages show that everything in music is relative, that there are no "rules"? Yes, of course, it does. But that is no reason why we should not expound this relativity. All science consists of relations, so there is no reason why we should not have a science of criticism. Only it must eschew confusion and cherish order. And the first principle of order in this region is that due recognition should

be given to historical development and to individual differences, as well as to the fundamental necessities of all music. In other words, music must not be merely analytical or aconstical: it must always be set into relation to the type of mind that created it and that heard it as "its own" music. For only so can we do justice to the essential value of it as music. Only so do we set out and see what the balance of appreciation and enjoyment is that this music embodied.

If ancient Greek music now seems utterly dull and meaningless, even when we make due allowance for the fallacious fragmentariness of our records, the fault lies not in it but in our knowledge and scholarship. It was undoubtedly a source of extraordinary enjoyment and intellectual excitement to the Greeks. And we must therefore discover what sort of mind this music was presented to, if we can. Or if this be now impossible, at least we must learn from this example how important the relativity of music is. For while we might argue that the mentality of most primitive peoples whose music we can still gather alive, is too low to make this task of relative display worth while, we cannot say the same about the Greek mind. And therefore, as Greek music was probably more or less closely akin to this primitive music of the whole world, we must look to the latter for light on the former. The difference, of course, remains that the Greeks were an intellectually progressive race, whereas the others with primitive music are not noticeably so.

So we need an analysis for every stage of musical development. It must be very difficult now to discover what exactly tonality is for music that is not tonal in our sense, but that nevertheless displays or claims some sort of tonality. It is not obvious what was the essential novelty of organum to those who created it. It need not have been what it is to modern ears that encounter it anew in Debussy and others. The question is one for special historical research, scrutinised by the general theory of musical hearing. It is a matter of enduring wonder that harmony could have been so long invented ere it was explicitly discovered and named. Did the contrapuntists not hear it? Or was it not merely that they had not analysed it into its typical moments and their typical relations? They had learnt to enjoy it effectively, but not "intellectually" or intelligently. They were in the condition of the concert audience relatively to that intelligent understanding inaugurated by Rameau. This thought should make us more generous in our estimate of the average audience's powers of appreciation. But it makes it all the more apparent how difficult a task awaits the scientific historian who will tell us precisely how the contrapuntists heard their music so that there was such a barrier between their minds and the harmonic vista, so easy and so convincing once it was grasped.

How different is the relation between classical and modern music! Classical music has not precipitated from its fluid motions any new complex set of substances like harmony. It has rather exhausted all the variations and combinations of its elements until its once set boundaries of harmony have been burst asunder. It has not advanced by concretion or structural discovery, but by expansion and structural destruction.

But in individual differences we still find a long range from those whose powers hardly exceed the span of a simple melody and the simplest expressive effects of concerted music to those who possess the whole vocabulary and speech of their times. All these types of mind need music to suit them and new music to carry them forward in the progress of their mental type. The science of musical development must take the same sort of interest in these grades of music of any time as it takes in the grades marked out by the best music of the successive centuries or preserved in the music of present primitive and less cultured races. It would be extremely interesting to know, for the important epochs of musical development, what sort of music existed alongside that recorded by the learned scribes. And a survey of the present-day varieties of music would be of interest to future students. Each musical period trails a tail of inferior products after it. It would be rash, perhaps, to compare the growth of music in these respects with biological developments. For only in the best music do we find the natural forces of growth in proper action. But that seems to be true in biology also: our domestic breeds, like our music-hall music, are aberrations, abnormalities.

But neither the historical nor the individual discussion should blind us to the presence of a general body of knowledge relating music as a whole to the mind of man. Human mentality has not greatly altered in historical times or even in recorded times. And the mentality of the subnormal mind is very much the same as that which the supernormal had at a certain stage of its growth and still includes. Music itself, being a growth in mentality, should also incorporate the most of what it has generally passed through. It is for that reason that the study of primitive music is so important for the science. And the success of this study progressively confirms the existence of a general science of music.

As a practical deduction, it is greatly to be desired that the present tendency to an almost wilful confusion of ideas and scepticism should cease. It serves no purpose whatever. It has no value for creation or construction of any kind. It is all very well to be elated about freedom after too long experience of oppressive bonds. But neither state nor art can be based upon pure freedom any more than bodies can be made of pure vacuum. We need points and their

movements, at least, to begin with, as well as all that matrix of connection between them—their common being perhaps—that makes interaction and structures possible. Every structure, whether material, mental, or artistic, involves "laws," which say not what shall be but what is. New facts mean new laws, new structures mean new or more complex laws. Now that the novelty of the new music is wearing off, perhaps the attempt to analyse and to seek for the system inherent in it will progress more rapidly. The series of recent publications on music suggest this. Then a system may be discovered that will form the nucleus of a long growth, coherent and magnificent like that of classical music.

Is it not true to say that without the analysis of the earlier writers on counterpoint the great conscious constructions of later works could not have been achieved? And without the genius of Rameau the conscious instruction and the creations of the classical masters would not have been possible? Is there to be some new discovery in conscious music building soon? The general opinions of recent musical criticism hardly promise this. It is rather filled with a sense of impending chaos and dissipation. Let us hope that the inherent selective taste of the creative mind alone—in default of proper analytical and instructive work—will obviate this deplorable chance that would deaden the vitality of music for a long time. The rococo period in art was the result of the gradual overfilling and destruction of a classical mould. Having no heart of construction in itself, it led to stagnation and decay. Vigorous analysis and keen study of the bases of construction in their various degrees of importance should be a safeguard against this temporary defeat of music.

Anthropology teaches us now clearly and emphatically that culture hardly ever springs forth anew in different races or groups. It is handed on from one man to another. All our modern inventions prove how the inspiration of one man spreads from him through the rest of the world. It matters not what the sphere of interest may be—language, customs, science, crafts, religions or arts—this holds. And there is nothing so dangerous for the continuance of culture as lack of training of the talented, lack of capable teachers, or a loss, in any degree, of hold upon the spirit and principles of æsthetic creation.

HENRY J. WATT.

FRANCIS PURCELL WARREN, 1895-1916

Music which is the outcome of the aspirations of exuberant youth, which quivers with the impatience of new experience and glows with the mere delight of facile creation, has a charm for all of us which the passing of years fails to dim. Sometimes this art is lost to the world altogether, for exuberant youth grows to critical manhood, and with maturity comes a natural desire to suppress or destroy such early "indiscretions." This suppression or destruction is happily not always possible, for the "indiscretions" may have extended as far as publication. Thus we have, and treasure, such works as the radiant and obvious Septet of Beethoven (which the mature composer would most certainly have deprived us of if he had been able to do so); the boyish Piano Quintet of Dohnanyi (so full of crudities that one smiles at it—but enjoys it the more); the early Sextet of Schönberg (which must always have admirers who will remain unmoved by his later achievements), and many other tangible evidences of the joyousness of young musical enthusiasms.

Moreover, it is a strange fact that the verdict of posterity is often more generous to the works of youth than to the works of maturity. The early compositions of great masters seem to possess a vitality which never becomes old-fashioned. We find that the present generation is inclined to accord an appreciation to Beethoven's first period which it sometimes withholds from his second and third. The Quartets, Op. 18, are preferred to the posthumous works; the Second Symphony is actually enjoyed more than the Seventh or the Ninth. We may see an even more striking illustration in the case of Mendelssohn. Whilst this composer's later music appears to have become curiously "dated," the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture of the seventeen-year-old prodigy remains as fresh as ever, and no one would think of describing it as an antiquated production which changes in musical taste have rendered us incapable of enjoying. Musicians treasure this work as, perhaps, they treasure nothing else from the same hand, for here are no mannerisms or *clichés*, and no hints of formulated methods of any kind. Truly genius, before it begins to think deeply, has a charm which the processes of experience sometimes serve to tarnish, and exhibits a "first fine careless rapture" which cannot be repeated in after years.

If we have learnt to regard the early thoughts of great masters with especial affection, how much more should we value the works

of composers of genius who have been cut off in the flower of their youth? Such composers may only have become known to us by chance. We can only judge them in the flush of their first vigorous unmannered outpouring. We cannot even speak glibly of their promise, for we know that what they have left us is the sum of their achievement. If there is pathos in the thought that what we should have called promise never reached its fulfilment, there is also consolation in the knowledge that the few beautiful ideas which they have had time to present in tangible form will remain beautiful ideas, undisturbed by the passing of years, unsullied by subsequent events. A mere niche of beauty, perhaps, but something distinct—a frank presentation of a personality which has not changed, or had time to change, and is especially clear to us for that reason.

Such music appeals to us instantly, and the phenomenon is readily accounted for. It is always easier to achieve intimacy with youth than with age, and youthful art has an ingratiating quality which the more powerful art of maturity frequently lacks. We accept it at once, we ask no questions, we are more ready to respond with love than with criticism, we submit willingly to its spell.

These reflections have been brought about by a simple circumstance. A few weeks ago a chamber concert of modest scope but striking interest took place in the quiet Midland town of Leamington. It was, in intention, a happy reminder rather than a solemn memorial, but the programme was designed to pay tribute to the gifts of a young music-student, Francis Purcell Warren, a native of that town, whose life and talents were lost to the world during those terrible summer months of 1916.

Purcell Warren was not the only young English composer to be sacrificed during the Great War—one remembers particularly the loss of George Butterworth, whose compositions are now so widely admired—but he was perhaps the most richly endowed with natural gifts for the creation of music of sunny attractiveness and sensitive feeling. A few lines will suffice to chronicle all that need be known of his brief career.

The eldest son of a prominent local musician and conductor, Mr. Walter Warren, Francis Purcell Warren was born in Leamington on May 29, 1895. He received his general education at Beech Lawn, Leamington, and West House School, Edgbaston. In March, 1910, he obtained an Open Scholarship for Violin at the Royal College of Music, and two years later he was awarded the Morley Scholarship, which he was still holding when war broke out. In September, 1914, he enlisted as a private in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and went out to France in the following March. Shortly afterwards he returned to England and joined the 10th Battalion of the South

Lancashire Regiment. In March, 1916, he again went out to France, as a Second Lieutenant. He was reported "missing" on July 3, 1916, at Thiepval, in the Battle of the Somme.

At the Royal College he was a particular favourite both with his student-associates and with those who gave him instruction. The most charming of boys, young Warren, or "Bunny" as he was affectionately called by all who knew him, was as modest as he was gifted. He was never in the limelight of his own seeking. But those who loved him encouraged him, and somehow (although he was never officially a composition pupil) conspired that a little work which he had done his best to hide from them should be performed at one of the College concerts. This work was his group of Five Short Pieces for Violoncello. They were played on that occasion by his friend and fellow-student, John Snowden. The little pieces won their way at once, were published,* and taken up by other 'cellists, including Miss May Mukle, who quickly made them famous in America.

At present this is the only work of Purcell Warren's which is known to anything like a wide public. The pieces are remarkable in many respects. To rivet the attention of listeners at once in a piece that is over almost as soon as it has begun is a problem in music even more difficult of satisfactory solution than that which confronts the short-story writer in literature. But each of these miniatures presents a mood which enchants us from the very first sound. As in the shorter pianoforte Preludes of Chopin, we are given a perfect series of tiny musical landscapes which seem to say all that need be said about the matter in hand in the most concise way. The technique is flawless—there is not a single redundant or miscalculated note. The idiom is modern, but there is a gentle restraint in the management of harmonic dissonances which is as charming as it is unusual in the work of a composer still in his teens.

It is significant that on the strength of these little pieces alone (for he can have heard no other of Warren's works) the late Sir Hubert Parry, in one of his addresses to the students, early in 1917, alluded to the loss the Royal College had sustained in the following words:—

"I am afraid there is no longer any hope of young Purcell Warren being alive. He has not been heard of for months. It is a peculiarly tragic case. He was one of the gentlest, and most refined and sensitive of boys, and was of that type which attracted people's love. He was a very promising violinist, and had also begun to show characteristic qualities as a composer which were quite surprising, for there was a subtlety and a dexterity about his compositions which made us look upon him as likely to make a personal mark. He

* Curwen & Sons.

endured bravely some very uncongenial experiences in the earlier stages of training, and then he had to face the barbarities, and one of humanity's tenderest possessions was ruthlessly destroyed.

This tribute to the personality of Purcell Warren, as it shone through this one set of pieces, is not only touchingly sympathetic: it encourages us to seek for other works from the same hand in order that we may establish some kind of an estimate of the value of this young musician's slender output as a whole. The "Five Pieces," enchanting as they undoubtedly are, reflect but one side of Warren's musical nature. There is, however, very little else at present in print. Apart from some conventional examples of music written for the services of the Roman Catholic Church (put together, be it said, with a good deal more than a child's skill, and published while he was still but a schoolboy), the only other works at present purchasable are a "Caprice"* for piano solo and an Adagio† for violoncello and piano. The "Caprice" has a touch of elfin delicacy and freakishness which is extremely attractive. It is in no sense an important work, but it is deftly written and eminently pianistic, though somewhat difficult to treat effectively.

The Adagio was planned as the slow movement of a Sonata for violoncello and piano. Unfortunately, the composer did not live to complete the Sonata, though the bulk of the first movement exists in sketch. This isolated Adagio, then, was destined to be Purcell Warren's last composition, and it is indubitably his masterpiece. It is a powerful and deeply moving piece of absolute music. Warren's talents were here shown in quite a new light. His utterance had somehow acquired a grave austerity, which is certainly very rare in the work of a young man less than twenty years of age. The part provided for the 'cellist is indeed poignantly expressive, and an almost prophetic foreboding seems to colour his spacious phrases, whilst the dark harmonies with which they are associated are unrelieved by any passages of lighter texture. Nowhere in contemporary British music (unless it be in certain pages of Vaughan Williams) can we find a like dignity and authority combined with such economy in the use of thematic material, and such sheer, solemn, unhesitating eloquence. The recognition of this fine work by every 'cellist of serious aims is surely only a question of time: it ranks with the "Elegie" of Fauré as an outstanding modern contribution to the shorter literature of the instrument.

Less satisfactory as an actual achievement, but no less significant as an evidence of creative power, Purcell Warren's String Quartet in A minor (completed only in 1914, and still in manuscript) affords us,

* Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew. Repertoire Series.

† Curwen & Sons.

in itself, a remarkable example of the composer's rapid technical progress in composition. The delicate Scherzo of the Quartet, which was written first, has an attractive subject, but some obvious awkward corners; the first movement is good student work, with the exigencies of a difficult form hampering the ready flow of ideas which are in themselves delightful; the slow-movement dwells, Schubert-like, somewhat too persistently upon a shapely melody which recalls Schubert, also, in its lyrical content. It is not until we reach the Finale, a set of variations on an original theme, that we find the composer at last rejoicing in his stride, and thoroughly happy in a mastery of quartet-writing which he has by gradual degrees acquired during the composition of a single work.

The Theme is one of those happy thoughts that do not come every day, even to great composers:—

TEMA.

Allegro deciso.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of three systems. Each system has a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is played in the right hand, and the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and includes a 'cresc' marking. The third system concludes the theme with a final cadence.



The suitability of this melody for variations is at once apparent. It is a mere outline of naked simplicity, but it has beauty of curve and progressive growth, and it contains the germs of many possible developments. A few of these developments, on paper, appear unduly elaborate and full of notes, but in performance this impression is belied. It is difficult for the players to present all the details in their true perspective at times, but, this ensemble achieved, the effect is entirely delightful. The composer's inventive resources were never unduly strained, and his own experience as a violinist and ensemble player stood him in good stead in dictating a most effectively varied treatment of the instruments. Almost the only sign of immaturity in this movement is an occasional abruptness in negotiating the passage from one variation into the next.

In justice to Warren's memory it may perhaps be wise to withhold publication of the first three movements in this Quartet (which the composer would probably have written over again had he lived), but it is good to know that there is a prospect of the Variations appearing in print, in separate form, at an early date. For here, at least, is masterly music, happily inspired, thoroughly well set forth, and grateful to play.

This brief review of the works of Purcell Warren, which are either in print already, or sufficiently mature for publication, is now practically complete. From a sheaf of stray manuscripts in the possession of his family it is possible to find some gems of thought which, unfortunately, lack the setting which could render their appeal complete. Except for one or two delicate little songs, perhaps, it is

as unlikely as it is undesirable that these tentative experiments should be brought into the market-place.

Upon the work that such striking talent might have accomplished had it fully ripened it is idle to speculate. It is better to dwell upon our gains than upon our losses, and although we can only estimate the worth of Purcell Warren's art from a mere handful of pieces in which his personality stands but partially revealed, we can know enough to give these creations a place in our gallery of musical possessions. Viewed from any standpoint they are deserving of acceptance. If we believe, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, "the value and rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labour employed in it and the mental pleasure produced by it," we shall find a full conformity to both these conditions, for Warren's intelligence governed his musical impulse, and he preferred the clearness which reveals to the obscurity which baffles. If we demand from an artist the distinction of a personal style, here again our demand is satisfied, for there is in his music so little tribute paid to the fashions of his time, so little that is merely derivative, that we cannot describe him as an adherent of any cult or school of musical thought. He was content to be himself, and to go about his business in his own way.

But lack of pretension must not stand in the way of recognition. That nobody has cried "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" or put forward the absurd claims that have ruined some minor composers, is a fortunate circumstance. We may be thankful that the music which Purcell Warren has left us is so entirely devoid of the spectacular element, so fresh and healthy, so engagingly innocent in spirit, that, without crying aloud to the world, it will probably hold a power to charm listeners when much that now gains attention by mere strangeness of idiom has ceased to appeal.

The strongest claim, however, is yet to be urged. One need only spend a few minutes in the company of his music to realise the peculiar aptness of Parry's brief description of Purcell Warren's personality. This is perhaps the true measure of his music's hold upon our sympathies—he "was of that type which attracted people's love."

THOMAS F. DUNHILL.

AN ACOUSTIC QUESTIONNAIRE FOR ORGANISTS

ORGANISTS are very busy people; and one must not be surprised that there are only two answers to the questions hurled at them in the July number, but hope that more of them may find time before December to give us their experience. The questions are here repeated partly to that end, and partly to make these answers intelligible.

- (1) What is the reverberation in seconds in your church (either given by a single note or a full chord on the great organ)? What is the maximum reverberation in your opinion that can be dealt with in a large church without destroying the articulation of music?
- (2) What is the sympathetic note of your church? Do your choir find it easier to sing in a key related to that pitch? Are other notes (such as the major third above the sympathetic note) also reinforced unequally by the church, or are there any marked acoustic phenomena?
- (3) Would you prefer to hear a highly trained choir in a church or in a concert room, and for what reasons?
- (4) What choral work of any size sounds best in your church and what steps do you take to get the best interpretation under church conditions? Should music, in your opinion, be taken slower generally speaking in a church than in a concert room?
- (5) Have you ever composed a piece of choral music specially for your church as an instrument, to be sung either unaccompanied or accompanied?
- (6) What large church, in your opinion, is best for unaccompanied choral music?
- (7) What is the position you would prefer for a choir in a church? Have you ever had your choir in a temporary position which proved to be superior for sound?
- (8) In your opinion is the tone of organ music superior in a church or in a concert room?
- (9) What position do you prefer for an organ in a church? What sized organ do you believe in for a large parish church?
- (10) What large church, in your opinion, is the best for organ music?

HOPE BAGENAL.

RIPON CATHEDRAL

A CHORD from the full organ, when the Cathedral is empty or occupied by a very small congregation, reverberates for eight or nine seconds. This reverberation naturally is modified when there is a large congregation, and when the Nave and Transepts are filled, as they were on many occasions during the late war, it is reduced to about four seconds.

As Mr. Bagenal observes, the sympathetic notes of the Nave and Choir at Ripon differ by a semitone. This may be owing to the

greater width and height of the former, which is about 94 ft. high and 88 ft. wide, while the height of the latter is about 88 ft., and the width about 70 ft. The vaulting of both Nave and Choir is of oak, while all the aisles are vaulted in stone. I do not agree that the discrepancy in "sympathetic" notes is a disadvantage, because the Nave and Choir are not used simultaneously. "A" in the Nave produces brilliance. "Ap" in the Choir is delightfully mellow, and monotonies at these pitches are maintained with ease and with satisfying results. This ample reverberation at Ripon has disadvantages as well as advantages. It is a vindication of the Biblical "To him that hath shall be given," etc. A good quality of vocal tone, with perfect accuracy of intonation is amplified and enriched. On the other hand, any trace of harshness, and any deviation from perfect pitch is exaggerated. In churches like this it is fatal to adopt a hurried tempo. The psalms, when chanted at a reasonable pace, even when the Cathedral is practically empty, may be followed with absolute clearness. Sung at a rapid pace, as one hears them in some large churches of equal resonance, they become blurred and inarticulate. This remark applies to all music, whether vocal or instrumental. Therefore ordinary rules of tempi have to be modified if there is to be any degree of clarity. As a matter of fact, there is almost certain to be some ambiguity in the effect of contrapuntal music in extremely resonant buildings. But I, for one, should be sorry to exchange it for the dull non-resonance of churches where these charming echoes do not exist. Much depends, as every organist knows, on the way in which the voice is used. Many preachers in the Nave of Ripon (the Nave is more resonant than the Choir) make the mistake of forcing the voice. The result is in inverse ratio to the intention, and confusion results. A perfect master of this Nave was the late Bishop Boyd Carpenter, whose incomparable voice was never raised above an ordinary speaking volume. Every syllable could be distinguished in every corner of the Cathedral. It is possible here for a singer to hear a common chord with its octave from his own voice. This will convey an idea of the type of music best suited to the building. Allegri's "Miserere," Byrd's "Bow Thine Ear," Vittoria's "Deliver us," Purcell's "Let my Prayer come up," and works of a similar kind are inexpressibly convincing in this Cathedral, and in the course of a series of unaccompanied motet recitals recently sung in the South Transept we have discovered that, for vocal purposes at any rate, this is the ideal position for the singers. Auditors who have listened from every part of the Cathedral state that the words and music have been followed with undeviating clearness. Plain-song is so obviously adapted to the genius of Ripon Cathedral that I should welcome its acceptance for the chanting of the psalms. But as this, in the opinion of authorities like the Bishop of Oxford, pre-

supposes the singing of the psalms in Latin the ideal is hardly likely to be realised.

In reply to your questions :—

1. The maximum of reverberation, without adverse effect on clearness and articulation may be stated at four or five seconds.

2. Already covered.

3. In a Church, where something is gained from "atmosphere."

4. Works like the B minor Mass and the Brahms' German Requiem, so long as the fugal portions are not hurried. Parry's motets are very impressive here.

5. Yes!

6. King's College Chapel, or Gloucester Cathedral.

7. The Chancel, if the organ is in or near it, the west end if the organ is there. At Ripon, the South Transept is ideal for choral performances.

8. A difficult question to answer. So much depends on the Church or concert room. Generally speaking, I prefer a Church.

9. In a Parish Church, a gallery or screen at the West end. The ideal position in a Cathedral is undoubtedly the Choir Screen. The size depends on the dimensions and acoustics of the Church.

10. Winchester and Gloucester are at least equal to any others for a clear performance of organ music.

CHARLES H. MOODY, C.B.E., Mus.D.

(Organist of Ripon Cathedral.)

ST. MARY'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, EDINBURGH

1. The reverberation of a single note is $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and of a full chord is the same.

2. Probably A7. It does not help the choir, however, only the priest in his preces. During the intoned Litany one often is conscious of No. 3 Harmonic (the twelfth of the prime tone) resounding as it were in the roof.

3. I prefer a fine choir in a Church with some reverberation, it enhances the quality of the tone.

4. Rather soft and sustained choral music is best in the Cathedral. Am very particular to train the choir in pitch sustentation, to sing well in tune. Tremolo is severely discouraged.

5. No.

6. Magdalen College Chapel, Oxford.

7. Our position under the central tower between the Transepts seems to be ideal. The Chancel is not so good.

8. Organ music is vastly superior in a Church.

9. Any lofty and open place, not in a chamber.

10. St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The main measurements of the Cathedral are:—Length, 260 ft.; width across Transept, Tower, and Transept is 182 ft.; internal height of Nave and Transepts is 71 ft.; height of Chancel 60 ft.

T. H. COLLINSON.

(Organist, Edinburgh.)

Note by Mr. Bagenal.

Dr. Moody's notes are interesting from several points of view. First they are evidence that he recognises that the building is a musical instrument. His analysis of the instrument shows that he is interested in the choral tradition. Of course, organists are often more interested in their organ than in their voices. To me his most important sentence is: "This ample reverberation has disadvantages as well as advantages. A good quality of vocal tone with perfect accuracy of intonation is amplified and enriched. On the other hand, any trace of harshness and any deviation from perfect pitch is exaggerated." This is frequently the case in a long reverberation owing to the activity of overtones. He also admits that ordinary rules of tempo have to be modified. His remark, "that it is possible for a singer to hear a common chord with its octave from his own voice," is also important. There is a legend that Fairfax wrote a mass for St. Albans Cathedral in which the fourth part was supplied by the building itself. This legend is significant as a recognition that the building can be an instrument.

In conclusion, Mr. Moody admits in answer to question 5 that he has composed a piece of music specially for his cathedral. It would be interesting to know what steps he took and how the conditions influenced the composition. I hope that any organists answering this question will not be too modest. It is a crucial one.

Mr. Collinson's answers are also useful. His cathedral is a fine Gothic revival church by the elder Gilbert Scott. He is well able to hear his own choir owing to the fact that the console of the organ is alongside the choir stalls. It is very often impossible for an organist to train his choir in the sustaining of pitch if he is away in a noisy organ loft. Hence the advantage of detached consoles.

THE RECENT PERFORMANCE OF DER RING DES NIEBELUNGEN

ACCEPTING this performance as the considered best that Covent Garden could achieve, it seems that at last there has come home to the producers' minds the actual fact the opera should be treated as a living organism, and not as a corpse embalmed in the tradition of its presentment fifty years ago. A confused sense of loyalty to the composer, on the assumption that—to his mind—the *ne plus ultra* of operatic reform had been realised, has helped to obscure the ideal for which Wagner had so passionately striven.

Doubtless, after the performance at Bayreuth, Wagner had thanked profusely the artists who had worked so industriously to bring about such of his conceptions as were practicable at the time, and may have declared himself abundantly satisfied. But we may safely suppose that much of the paraphernalia and the equipment of the stage came far short of the picture dreamt of as ideal.

After all, enormous advance was made in the conception of and attitude towards opera. It was in 1848 that Wagner had sketched out and published his proposals for the reform of the operatic stage: he complained of the standards of production which may have been adequate 100 years ago, but was not so when he wrote: he cried out against the excessive pietism towards the composers, and the blind adherence to tradition—that rendered the superb masterpieces of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber, as immemorable streams of sound on which floated glittering beads, which the "star" singers fastened on and treated as their individual perquisites.

Fifty years ago—and less—Mozart's operas were so treated at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. No one attended to the overtures; indeed, owing to the noise made by the late incomers, they were scarcely audible except in the loudest passages. A precipitate applause shortened each of the favourite singer's pieces and drowned entirely their instrumental conclusions. But whilst this treatment contented the opera-going public half a century ago, it would have no supporters now. The canons of appreciation change, and even the standard set by Wagner is now outworn. His ideal, to weave in one whole the arts of poetry, music and representation, remains undimmed—but his methods of obtaining this unity change with each

age. Even the rendering of the music, apparently fixed in perpetuity to the last quaver, is subject to the interpretation of the conductor, who needs to be a poet to do justice to the score. The words, truly, persist unaltered, but each actor puts his individuality and imagination into their significance.

Our attitude nowadays towards the visible presentment is utterly changed. The too careful attempts to lull us into illusions fail in their objects; instead of illusions, they are irritating detractions, putting us out of gear with what is going on by ludicrous and distracting demands on our attention. The spectator wants but little basis on which to rear his illusions. Take, for comparison, the recent treatment of Shakespeare's plays. Contrast the amplitude of scenery and incident that Irving and Tree thought desirable to do justice to their productions, the wealth of detail and the (impossible) attempts at verisimilitude, with the later restraint shown by Norman Wilkinson and Albert Rutherston. Simple as their "décor" was, every item bore an intimate significance: it was easier (owing to our new attitude) to put ourselves *en rapport* with the personages in "Twelfth Night" and to feel the essential difference between the elves and the humans in "Midsummer's Night Dream." There was nothing there acutely improbable, nothing hazardous or disturbing, as we sat as spectators to enjoy the play at our ease, co-operators in the entertainment.

The time has come when a somewhat similar simplification of the immense apparatus demanded by the "Ring" required discriminate overhauling. No stage scenery can ever impose on the spectator as an actuality: it is enough that it should be plausible and suggestive. Part—a good part—of the cost of the staging of the "Ring" might be spared to great advantage, whilst more use might be made of modern methods of lighting.

A distinction should be made (by lighting) between the human and the supernatural figures. Wotan's removal of the godhead from Brünnhilde should be made actually visible, a radiant Amazon becoming an ordinary mortal. It is by slight but vital touches that the complicated story of the play can be explained and illustrated to the eye: the music is doing its best for the ear, and the words (for those who can understand German) and gestures of the actors, contribute their quota towards accounting for the events. But in this year of grace we may well plead that this intricate and difficult story should not be made incredible, as well as by attempted realisations of what must forever be beyond the scope of the stage. We are too thoroughly educated in natural history to accept and be terrified by any complete presentment of a dragon; we criticise undismayed and view the monster with contempt. We can, beforehand, accept Mime's

description of the beast, and make for ourselves some sort of a shadowy horror—to be swept away instantaneously and irrevocably by a figure whose fit place is in a pantomime, by the tolerance of the pantaloon. Fifty years ago Wagner may have cherished a hope that in the years to come ingenuity would be able to furnish something visibly appalling—the wicker crocodile being the poor best that could be devised at that time. Live horses on the stage add nothing to the realisation of the incidents of the story, whilst the uncertainty of their behaviour causes an unnecessary anxiety to the actors, shared also by the audience. In the representation just lately given, much simplification has been made, and it is curious to note that this reform is working, so to speak, backwards—being greatest in “Götterdämmerung,” lessening in “Siegfried,” and petering out almost entirely in “Rheingold.”

The subjoined notes suggest that more perhaps could be done to heighten, by abstraction, the stage illusion—confining the attention of the audience to the really salient elements of the story.

NOTES.

“Das Rheingold.”—It is a mistake to present to the audience a section of the river: it involves the absurdity of the Rhine maidens dangling about in unsuitable drapery, unwetted, and the recognizable impossibility of singing under water. [Have you ever tried to do this?] I suggest that the surface of the Rhine should be given, with the mermaids disporting themselves in and out of the water; resting, when singing, on ledges of rocks at the riverside. Alberich too, keeps on the river's edge, until, having made his renunciation, he plunges into the depths to seize the gold. The gold, when it shines (on the bed of the river and out of sight), should irradiate with a golden glow a large area of the water.

The giants should be gigantic—so big that they cannot come in their entirety on the stage. The bulk of their bodies masked by the trees growing on the plateau: so that only their immense legs show: their heads never: a colossal arm should be stretched out (*vide* the colossal arm in the Egyptian Gallery at the British Museum) to grasp and carry off Freia.

The representation of the Nibelheim hoard—made from the Rhine gold—as given, was an improvement on the kitchen dresser arrangement in past performances: but the packages would look more authentic, more consonant with the origin of the hoard if they were covered with gold, not silver paper, and treated as if they were of staggering weights. The fight of the giants should be carried out “off” and the treasure seized by the colossal hand. Valhall should

be represented more like the Cathedral at Albi than the ruins of Les Baux in Provence.

If you must produce a rainbow, let the gods be shown, in silhouette, traversing it to reach their new home.

"Die Walküre."—It would seem that Sieglinde keeps an opiate always handy on the sideboard—this is hardly likely—and the mingling of the drug with the drink passes almost unnoticed. Apparently the door to Hunding's house was designed to admit a loaded hay wagon: it would be difficult to defend in case of hostile attack. Fricke's Lowther Arcade sheep and Brünnhilde's horse disappeared long ago, to the manifest comfort of the actors and audience. The costume of Brünnhilde and her sister Valkyrie is irritatingly inappropriate. The mission of these Amazons was to ride fearlessly into the battlefield, pick up the bodies of the slain heroes, throw them across their saddle-bows, and gallop off with them to Valhall. Their attire should be semi-masculine; they don't want spears, they would only be in their way. Valtraute, in the "*Götterdämmerung*," meets the case more reasonably.

In the scene where Brünnhilde appears as an unearthly figure charged to deliver to Siegmund the doom of the gods, the effect of the lighting (to make her appear almost as a vision) was entirely stultified by the unlighted blue cloak she wrapped round herself. What do the Valkyrie want with loose drapery? Why should the combat between Hunding and Siegmund and the intervention of Wotan be almost invisible to the audience. Brünnhilde should be in a blaze of light, dazzling and obstructing Hunding's sword play, and Wotan (as *deus ex machina*) should be illuminated, as celestial.

Thanks to the management, we were spared the magic lantern pictures of the Valkyrie on their steeds: the moving clouds gave no idea of a storm: they are either worth doing well or not at all. The entrance of Wotan in pursuit of Brünnhilde, with a flare of red light, was a good touch: and the fire encircling her was an improvement on past records. Wotan's get-up is misconceived. Why should he be armoured? He doesn't fear assassination. His blue cloak with red circles is hideous and purely superfluous. He should appear to be a cross between Hercules and Apollo, a god superior to everything except the runes on his spear. Brünnhilde's vesture is glaringly inappropriate, for until Siegfried unlaces her corselet, he takes her for a man.

"Siegfried."—In the second act, what should be hinted at, is the colossal size of the Dragon, otherwise the slaying of Fafnir is unimpressive. Two enormous folds of the body, half the height of the stage, hugging the shining huge hoard of gold, only should be visible, and a convulsive shudder going through these folds, followed by an

obvious collapse, should indicate that Siegfried (out of sight) has dealt the deathblow. A suggestion might be taken from Turner's picture of "Apollo and the Python" in the National Gallery.

If the Wanderer is to be treated as a pilgrim let him be so attired; but as both Mime and Alberich recognise him as Wotan, there should be some distinct supernatural quality about him. What would add to the impressiveness of the scene—in the third act—between Erda and the Wanderer would be to give in the far distance a representation of the far-off mountain fire girdle defending Brünnhilde.

The omission of the bird is a positive gain. What is not made clear is that the ring of fire still continues its protection, notwithstanding Siegfried's passage through it. The first impression (indeed, the whole scene) would lead one to suppose that with the entry of Siegfried the fire had fulfilled its function, and, as a guard, was no longer required. A mere glimpse of the flames would be sufficient, but the glow should appear as flames.

"Götterdämmerung."—Valtraute was suitably clothed as a Valkyrie. Gunther's armour should be quite conspicuously different from Siegfried's—say plate as against chain mail—and it is worth considering whether he—not Siegfried—should take the part in the scene where Brünnhilde finds himself betrayed. As given, the difference between the two men is scarcely apparent to the audience—however much it may be to Brünnhilde. Again, could not the ring be made more conspicuous, treated, for instance, as a bracelet?

In the stormy scene in the Gibichung's Hall, Brünnhilde fastens on this ring as an added mystification to the fraud practised on her. In the scene of Siegfried's death the Ravens were missing, a rather serious omission.

In the final scene the simplification has been carried to an extreme. It would have added an interest to the situation had a picture of Valhall been given—across the Rhine—in all its glory, but with some hint (? by smoke) to show that the conflagration had already begun, followed by a further picture showing Valhall collapsed in ruin. Why (beyond Wagner's dictum) there should be any occasion for the Gibichung mansion to fall to pieces, in concert with the *débâcle* of the gods, no reason is given.

How the Rhine maidens recovered the ring was not made clear to the audience; whether Hagen was forcibly drowned or perished naturally in the water is no great matter for representation: but it might be made more obvious that the ring was at last restored by a sudden flood of light in the river, otherwise the story seems incomplete.

So far I have concerned myself only with the stage setting, but I cannot refrain, in common fairness, from testifying to the intense pleasure given to me both by the actors and the orchestra. Under the able and vigilant guidance of Herr Bruno Walter, the music played the part of chorus, expositor and commentator in the wealth of the instrumentation, covering the whole play with a panoply of rich texture, the coloured robe of sound. What it has meant to co-ordinate this immense mass of intricate co-operation the hearer and observer can but dimly guess; the wonder is there and his admiration.

HALSEY RICARDO.

MOZART'S PIANOFORTE WORKS

WE were not long ago treated by the British Broadcasting Company to six "sessions" of "Recitals of Mozart's Pianoforte Sonatas." The "sessions" consisted of ten minutes each evening for a week, and we were fortunate if there was time for a sonata in complete form. However, the week provided a hearing of what, in the present writer's opinion, was the best presentation of Mozart's solo pianoforte music we have heard for a long time.

Mozart's pianoforte music is perhaps more wrongly rendered than any other. A pianist who gives Mozart a pearly, Pachmann-like tone may succeed in pleasing the uninstructed ears of young lady students of the pianoforte, but such a rendering is entirely out of keeping with the effect that the composer must have imagined when he wrote for this instrument. The wrong treatment is invariably praised by "critics" in a degree that is amazing, until one gradually comes to appreciate the exact amount of historical knowledge and perspective possessed by the average newspaper concert reporter.

The pianoforte sonatas of Mozart are not his best works. The late Edward MacDowell truly, if strongly, said: "If we read on one page of some history (every history of music has such a page) that Mozart's sonatas are sublime, that they do not contain one note of mere filigree work, and that they far transcend anything written for the harpsichord or clavichord by Haydn or his contemporaries, we echo the saying, and, if necessary, quote the 'authorities.' Now if one had occasion to read over some of the clavichord music of the period, possibly it might seem strange that Mozart's sonatas did not impress with their magnificence. One might even harbour a lurking doubt as to the value of the many seemingly bare runs and unmeaning passages. Then one would probably turn back to the authorities for an explanation and find perhaps the following: "The inexpressible charm of Mozart's music leads us to forget the marvellous learning bestowed upon its construction. Later composers have sought to conceal the constructional points of the sonata which Mozart never cared to disguise, so that incautious students have sometimes failed to discern in the veritable 'pillars of the house,' and have accused Mozart of poverty of style because he left them boldly exposed to view, as a great architect delights to expose the piers upon which the tower of his cathedral depends for its support." (Rockstro, "History

of Music," p. 269.) Now this is all very fine, but it is nonsense, for Mozart's sonatas are anything but cathedrals. It is time to cast aside this shibboleth of printer's ink and paper and look the thing itself straight in the face. It is a fact that Mozart's sonatas are compositions entirely unworthy of the author of the "Magic Flute," or of any composer with pretensions to anything beyond mediocrity. They are written in a style of flashy harpsichord virtuosity such as Liszt never descended to, even in those of his works at which so many persons are accustomed to sneer.*

The present writer has given the foregoing extract in full, not merely because it shows MacDowell's extremely adequate capabilities as a musical scholar and critic, but because it is surely the most satisfactory, unbiased estimation of the exact value of Mozart's pianoforte sonatas. Nevertheless, there is no need for the pianist to play this music in an entirely false mood of purely *legato* tone that could hardly have been known to Mozart himself, nor for the critic to praise such renderings. The pianist thus commits a fraudulent act against musical history and the critic is guilty of aiding and abetting.

Contemporary evidence is useful in helping to indict both pianist and critic, and it is therefore worthy of note that: "Beethoven told Czerny that he had heard Mozart play; his execution was delicate, but choppy, *without legato*, a style of which the first admirable master was Beethoven who treated the piano like an organ."† Further, a passage in Czerny's correspondence with the London publisher, Robert Cocks, runs: "Beethoven, who heard Mozart play, said afterwards that his playing was neat and clear, but rather empty, weak, and old-fashioned. *The legato and cantabile on the pianoforte were unknown at the time*, and Beethoven was the first to discover new and grand effects on that instrument."‡ We need not put too literal an interpretation on Czerny's observation about *legato* and *cantabile* being unknown in Mozart's time if we remember that Ph. E. Bach had said: "The animation of the *allegro* is usually expressed in staccato notes, and the tenderness of the *adagio* in *sustained and slurred notes*."§ All the italics in the present paragraph are by the writer of this article.

On the other hand, we read|| in Schmidt's *Wiener Musikzeitung* of October 18, 1843, a communication from Mosel (a "competent

* "Critical and Historical Essays," by Edward MacDowell. Edited by W. J. Baltsell. (Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston, U.S.A.)

† Thayer's "Life of Beethoven," vol. II., 409. Edition in German, after the original MS., by M. Dieters, Bonn.

‡ Thayer, Vol. II., 363. (German edition.)

§ "Essay on the True Mode of Playing the Clavier," chap. iii., "on Style," section 5, by Ph. E. Bach (third edition, Leipzig, 1787).

|| According to Thayer, vol. II., 39 (German edition).

critic"), whose theme is the difference between the playing of Mozart and Beethoven. He says: "True, an important difference was apparent in the style of these two; the *roundness*, tranquillity, and delicacy of Mozart's style were foreign to the new virtuoso. . . ." Again the italics are mine. One's decision as to the truest performance of a Mozart pianoforte sonata rests on the competency of the critic Mosel in 1843 against the much more contemporary evidence of Beethoven as narrated by Czerny. The latter, although often impeached, is a most important witness in Beethoven matters, for he often enjoyed friendly and instructive intercourse with the master. We may perhaps pay the least doubt to a point that is useful to this article, for whatever hesitation we may have over his interpretations of Beethoven's compositions, we may safely decide that he would correctly remember the master's remarks about the playing of famous pianists, and Mozart was one of these. Moreover, as an incidental point, Beethoven himself expressed surprise at Czerny's detailed memory, although this referred to music. A compromise would be to assume that Beethoven's description of Mozart's playing referred to technique, while Mosel was aptly describing, as indeed he says, the same composer's style. Although this allying of opinions may appear very unsatisfactory, it should be remembered Beethoven's estimation of Mozart as *composer* was very high, so that his criticism must have referred to the playing of the older master.

Certainly, in the opinion of the present writer, the truest rendering of Mozart's pianoforte music may be heard from pianists like Mr. Angus Morrison. After all, he may as well be given credit for having aroused sufficient interest for a discussion on the subject of this article. His cold, colourless style gives that "delicacy and tranquillity" referred to by the critic Mosel, and his touch, not cancelled by a use of the *sostenuto* pedal, gives an effect that is "choppy, without *legato*," as described in Beethoven's criticism. If we would remember that the harpsichords and early grand pianofortes of Mozart's days (he died in 1797) were incapable of romanticism as we know it, then the realisation of at least mistaken renderings of this composer's pianoforte music should become obvious to the hearer. Mozart depends entirely on the neat, clear-cut performance of his music, and desires no interpretations. That is the whole secret of his fame as the greatest master of pure music.

Professor Pratt's remarks on Mozart's pianoforte playing form a valuable summary. He says: "Associated with the Viennese pianos, with their easy, shallow touch and their rather small, though sensitive tone, was a school of composers and players of which Mozart was a type. . . . In playing, Mozart sought for an unobtrusive and strictly controlled style, more solicitous about precision, clarity and smooth-

ness than sonority, showy rapidity or complication of effects. Mechanism of execution was simply the means for bringing out structural values in the composition. The piano, he evidently felt, was to be handled with caution and restraint. If combined with other instruments, it was to be merged in the ensemble rather than forced into extreme prominence."* Always remembering that the early pianos had an "easy, shallow touch" and not the full-toned sonority of the modern concert grand, the foregoing contains a key to the true style of playing Mozart's pianoforte music which should be comprehensible to both performer and hearer.

JOHN F. PORTE.

* "The History of Music," p. 388, section 161, by Waldo Selden Pratt. (G. Schirmer, New York.)

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

The Abbey of St. Gall as a Centre of Literature and Art. By J. M. Clark. Cambridge University Press. 18s.

St. Gall is a name with which to conjure. The outstanding feature in the history of this monastery of German Switzerland is its unbroken spell of continuous corporate life from 613 to 1805, and the library may be said to continue the story of the house to our own times. For musicians the Abbey has a special interest, for it was one of the great centres of mediæval composition. Not long ago it was regarded as the original and central home of trope and sequence; recent research has, however, brought other centres to light, and St. Gall must now share its place of honour with Limoges and Jumièges and Fulda and Winchester. Dr. Clark has studied the development and history of the Abbey from many angles, and his volume is packed with interesting information on the early Irish and Anglo-Saxon elements in its *personnel*, on its architecture, educational system, art, drama and literature. Music occupies, rightly, the central place. The trope, which is the chief subject-matter of the musical chapter, was defined in 1886 by Léon Gautier as "an interpolation of a liturgical text." *Laudate* (September, 1924) set up a plea for a recognition of the essentially musical nature of the trope-idea, the trope-text seeming to have been written more often than not simply as a "libretto" for purposes of composition. Dr. Clark, in so far as he has pushed trope-research a stage further, seems to support this view; indeed, he goes one step too far (his one trip) in speaking of a vocalised textless passage of music as a trope (p. 176, last line). The pure musical connotation is accurate in Byzantine speech, but not in English.

In passing to the sequence we cannot do better than quote (p. 188): "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the creation of the sequence was one of the most important innovations in the whole history of mediæval music. A new *genre* had come into being, and boundless vistas were opened up. When the sequence had become an independent entity, it was affected by the technique of religious verse. There was now no longer any reason why the vernacular should not be used instead of Latin, or secular subjects instead of sacred themes." The relative claims in favour of an origin at St. Gall, at Jumièges in Normandy, and at the Abbey of St. Martial at Limoges, are fully discussed, summing up slightly in favour of Normandy; but had Dr. Clark told us that the Limoges Troper dated 933 to 936 is only one of a long series from the same source preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, we should be more ready to give the award to Limoges. And if the "depredations of the Northmen" be adduced to give extra weight to the claims of Normandy, the same must be said of England. The names of the melodies to which Notker and the other early writers set their words are full of attraction. *Hypo-diaconissa*—what a wealth of Byzantine Court or Church intrigue round this one title! And what is *Frigdola* (misprinted on p. 177 as *Frigdora*)? *Graeca*, *Romana*, *Occidentana*, *Melensis minor*, are tunes

brought to Switzerland by rote from other lands, no doubt, though Wagner thinks that *Romana* was written by Romanus, in whose existence Dr. Clark does not believe. Again, *Bauerisca*, *Berta* (*Planctus Bertanae* at Limoges), and many another suggest dim backgrounds of secular folksong. *Planctus cygni* is common to more than one early collection. Many are named after some musical instrument in the other early troopers, but (with the exception of one named *Organa*) this type of title is not found in the genuine Notkerian cycle. An interesting passage on p. 190 says that it is justifiable to infer that Notker was familiar with that science of harmony which was just beginning to be formulated under the name of Organum. The connection is likely enough, but the evidence is, we think, rather too slight to "justify the inference."

ANSELM HUGHES, O.S.B.

Alfonso the Sage. By J. B. Trend. Constable.
The Music of Spanish History to 1600. (Hispanic Notes and Monographs.) The Hispanic Society of America. Humphrey Milford.
 12s. 6d. net.

Since long we have been accustomed to expect fine writing from Mr. Trend. "A picture of modern Spain" (1921) showed his sense of just criticism, gifts of wit and humour, keen perception of all things that lay in and around the subject dealt with. Readers of MUSIC AND LETTERS will not need to be reminded of that strangely evocative description of the Dance of the Seises at Seville (January, 1921), and since then of the articles on "Falla in 'Arabia'" (April, 1922) and "Music in Spanish Galicia" (January, 1924). In "Alfonso the Sage" the author again brings Spain within sight, recalls the past in a mood of humane reminiscence, deals sincerely with failings, chronicles success with that restraint which seems always to mask an intense enthusiasm. The book is a picture of all Spain. As regards the musical activities of modern Spain Mr. Trend's authority is based upon close observation and experience. The essays on modern poets show how clear is his knowledge of the accidence and rhythm of the language, and, through that, of the music. Innumerable passages show that the author has experienced Spain deeply. As an example, this may be taken, the place Granada, the event that competition festival of traditional song which Don de Falla organised in 1922.

The competition was held at night in front of the Alhambra, the stage being set up under the trees along the rusty red walls of the Alcazaba and the Tower of Homage. Behind the little, tiled well-house in the middle of the plaza could be seen the low wall on the edge of the precipice with a stream clattering over the stones at the bottom; while on the hillside opposite, the dark gardens, greenish white walls and scattered lights of the Albaicín seemed like some gigantic tapestry curtain stretched from the two tall trees at the corners. At the back of the audience was the noble but unfinished palace of Charles V., while the Alhambra lay somewhere in the darkness behind.

Even for one who does not know Granada the scene is perfectly set. And although it was not vouchsafed to us to be present at that memorable festival, yet we may not be other than grateful for a writer who thus rings up the curtain on a discussion of Spanish Folk Song. That is one part of Mr. Trend's mentality. Another, more incisive, is felt in such a remark as: "By being written down, folk-song becomes raw material, not a finished product." One would wish—one ought—to quote more freely. To cut from such an essay as this is an

unworthy action. But, though in selecting passages for review there must ever come a moment when a stop must be put, in reading "Alfonso the Sage" there can be no thought of leaving a chapter unfinished. The style is insidious, it is easy to deal with. The learning is there but one notices it not as such. Discreetly the lesson is inculcated. The reader has the feeling of being handled with care as though it were he who were the delicate object. It is in reality a most subtle form of insolence. Beneath this simple and direct method there lurks a firmness. The velvet glove hides, if not the mailed fist, then the strong grasp of the scholar.

After that let the reader turn to "The music of Spanish history to 1600." Here is scholarship undisguised. Music in Spain has suffered more than that of other countries from popular apathy. Great musicians there have been. Morales, famed over Europe, his madrigals included among those of Arcadelt, his masses published in Rome. Victoria, equally famed, a truly great composer and master musician, pure Spanish in the same way as is El Greco. These were the fine flower of Spanish music up to the seventeenth century. Lying at the foot of Europe, it may be that Spain was not able to avail herself of the chances to keep abreast of the development of music as did, for instance, England. Much, though, must be put down to the natural apathy of the people for cultivated music, a characteristic still present. "Music, unfortunately, has remained the Cinderella of the arts, even in Spain." The author, in the Introduction and again at the end, speaks of modern conditions of music in Spain. There is a definite interest in folk-lore and folk-music. Don de Falla's work in selecting tunes and organising festivals is an earnest of this awakened fervour. Whether this will have the popular result that is wished for, still remains to be seen. De Falla has done for the study of folk-music something of what Ramón Menéndez Pidal has for that of folk-lore. This book has full notes and an extremely useful set of musical examples. Among the latter it is pleasant to come on "Conde Claros" and to recognise, in a *diferencia* of that *tonada* by Mudarra (1546) the source from which de Falla gathered one of the loveliest tunes of his "Retablo" (the opening of the second scene).

Sc. G.

Miniature Essays. 1. Francesco Santoliquido.

2. Gabriel Grovlez.

3. Arthur Honegger. Chester. 6d. each.

These short biographies belong to a series issued by Messrs. Chester of those composers whose works figure in their lists. The booklets are slight and their contents unpretentious. They serve as a manual of reference for people whose interest has been engaged by the composers' works. Translated, as a rule, out of a foreign tongue, they do not show any great literary style. The booklets are anonymous. Of the three here noticed that on Honegger is the best.

Sc. G.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

Musikblätter des Anbruch. (Vienna.) May, 1926.

The Handel revival in Germany persists and grows. In this periodical there is a notice on "Siroe" at Gera, and a longer article by Dr. Graf on Handel as fore-runner of the "Opera direction of

the future " called forth by the Münster performance of " Theodora." The writer traces the development of the art of the theatre in Germany from Wagner onwards until the influence began to be felt of Craig and later of new men, like Tairov for scenic art and von Laban for ballet. He sees in the Handel revival in Germany a deliberate movement away from the complex art of Wagner and his followers. Beside their form of soul-analysis he sets the monumental art of Handel and finds in the latter an outlet for the strivings of modern German theatre-art as well as a form, ready to hand, in which the newer, simpler ideas can find expression.

Dr. Hugo Leichtentritt in describing the present state of opera in Germany cannot but take a pessimistic view. Finance and talent both are difficult to control and ensure. Cinema and wireless threaten the opera houses. The writer looks for help to the working classes who, educated as they now are becoming in things artistic, will eventually realise the cultural significance of opera.

Musica d'oggi. (Milan.) June, 1926.

Sig. Ettore Romagnola has a short article on the so-called Epitaph of Seikelos, the stele found by Ramsay in Greece. On this stele words have been deciphered, placed above which are signs for the musical notes, and again above these, signs pertaining to the rhythm. The writer, in a very short notice, gives a sufficiently interesting account of this important discovery (the news is not fresh, since in 1883 the first hint was given in a French journal of hellenic studies), though it is to be wished that an illustration of the complete stele could have been provided. Without that the author's remarks are not always easy to follow. (See also *The Journal of Hellenic Studies* for December, 1922.)

Anbruch. (Vienna.) June, 1926.

Dr. Aber writes on the reappearance of the old forms in modern music. Hindemith's Piano Suite (1922) is made up of a shimmy, a rag-time, a boston, a march and a nocturn. Alban Berg's opera " Wozzeck " is excessively formal, the scenes all being cast as variations, suites, etc. The Concertino and Concerto Grosso appear again. Dr. Aber takes notice of these facts and discusses the differences which must, in the nature of things, exist between the old use of these forms and the modern; differences not only in the content of the movements or their instrumentation but, as in the case of the Concerto Grosso, those which arise from the fact that the whole outlook of the composer towards his players has changed. The examples are taken from Teutonic music and thus Maurice Ravel, an outstanding example of modern use of old forms, is not mentioned.

Dr. Hugo Leichtentritt has short note on the vulgarisation of modern music. With gramophones, pianolas and similar facilities for dissemination the composer should be able to educate his public to a just appreciation of his works. Were this managed with skill, i.e., the issue of such mechanical aids before the date of a concert, an audience could be persuaded into a more or less receptive frame of mind. The expense of concerts, precluding any chance of that most important thing, a second hearing of a new work, might thus be reduced, provided that the numerical strength as well as the powers of appreciation of the audience were increased by this method of preparation.

So. G.

NEW MUSIC

Publishers' names are abbreviated thus:—[Aug.]ener, [Bo.]aworth, [Cu.]rwen, [Pa.]xton, [O.U.P.] Oxford University Press, [W.R.] Winthrop Rogers.

THE antique flavour of much modern English music is becoming a little wearisome to the palate. The term "old-fashioned" seems to have lost all meaning. It is considered "old-fashioned" to write diminished sevenths in the style of Mendelssohn and Spohr, but quite smart and up-to-date to sprinkle compositions with open consecutive fifths and fourths in the style of Hucbald. I suppose the secret of the matter is that there is no such thing as fashion in music. Provided the themes and rhythms are good, the work will stand an excellent chance of survival. Yet if a composer wrote a sonata of which the first movement was in the style of Hucbald, the slow movement in the style of Mozart, the scherzo in that of Mendelssohn, and the final in that of the earlier Stravinsky, he would be considered inconsistent and foolish even if he put something of his own individuality into each. Yet it is not outside our domain, we fancy, to point out that the flattened seventh and consecutive fourths are still considered *chic* and smart, and to express our surprise that this should be so. The doublet and hose were doubtless more picturesque than the swallowtail, but they have a masked-ball air now, and the music of their period seems rather to suffer under the same disability when fashioned by modern Clarksons.

PIANO MUSIC.

The late Leonard Borwick made various arrangements of Bach's organ and orchestral works, which are now being published. He has treated a rather dull G major Organ Fugue and also the bright and vigorous "little" G minor. Both the transcriptions seem unnecessarily difficult, but are effective and sound well on the piano. His arrangement, however, of the Chorale Prelude, "Nun Freut Euch, lieben Christen G'mein," although equally efficient, seems to differ in no way from Busoni's well-known work; and, anyhow, it seems absurd that any musician of eminence should deem it worth while to put his name to a transcription which merely consists of writing on two staves what is usually written on three. All the above are published by Augener. Mr. Borwick also arranged the overwhelmingly beautiful and tender "Herz und Mund" from the 147th Cantata [O.U.P.]. Everybody should buy this and play it over each night before saying his prayers.

Of three pieces published in the Oxford Piano Series [O.U.P.], the "Nocturne," by York Bowen, strikes us as being dull and hardly worth the trouble of learning; the "White Hyacinth," by Edgar Bainton, well written for the instrument; "A Bourrée in A," by Gordon Slater, is ingenious and clever, and makes a good teaching piece of average difficulty. "Eddies," by John Foulds [Pa.], is a good show piece. "White Peacocks" [Cu.], by Thomas

Dunhill, is naturally well written and "comes off," but it appears to lack freshness. Percival Garratt has written eight London Fantasies under one cover [Cu.]. They are all clever and pianistic, but number seven, "Lavender Time," is more. It is very charming indeed. "La Ballerina" [Bo.], by Granville Bantock, is bright and entertaining; and a "Novellette," by Massi-Hardman [Aug.] flirts rather uncouthly with "modernism."

SONGS.

Pride of place must certainly be given to "Songs of the Gardens," edited, with a preface, by Peter Warlock. This beautifully-produced book provides a representative selection of the songs that were sung at the London Pleasure Gardens during the latter half of the eighteenth century. They are the greatest fun and some of them are exceedingly beautiful, e.g., "An Ode to Contentment," with music by Mr. Joseph Baidon. The publishers are the Nonesuch Press, and the edition is limited to 875 copies. The words of the songs are often better than the music, and frequently have a pleasant Rabelaisian tinge.

The first set of "Peterisms" by the versatile Warlock are published by Chester. There are few better painters on a small canvas than this composer. He owes a great deal in his music to the Tudor school, to Delius, Van Dieren and that common fount of the last two, Grieg. Sometimes his music is a little too "precious"; for example, "A Sad Song," in this book, and possibly "Rutterkin," might have been made easier with no loss of effectiveness; but "Chopheerry" is delicious, and should survive a long while.

Six "Songs of Lesbos," published by Hansen, of Copenhagen and Leipzig, are by that unduly neglected composer, Albert Mallinson. These works are excellent specimens of his art. Gerrard Williams has composed a "Baby's Night Song" and "The Lonely Tent" [Cu.], of which the first is very good indeed. We do not like "The Angler," by Ernest Bryson, and "Where she lies" (both, [Cu.], by the dynamic Henry Cowell, is more interesting as a curiosity than a work of art.

"April Children," by Clive Carey [W.R.], is a song which will probably appeal to many people. We prefer it to the same composer's setting of Robert Bridges's words, "Since thou, O fondest and fairest" [W.R.].

The firm of Augener have sent us several songs by D. M. Stewart. With the best of intentions towards them, the verdict is that they are dull. "Have you seen but a white lily grow?" by Muriel Herbert [Aug.] is very sweet and pretty and welcome, but Frank Bridge has wasted his gifts on a poem by Tagore, "Dweller in my deathless Dreams" [Aug.]; yet his "Journey's End" [Aug.] is lovely.

The rest of the songs to be considered are published by Cramer and are uniformly good. Albert Mallinson has set "All the breath and the bloom of the year" very beautifully, and Frederick Keel's "Sea Burthen" is a fine treatment of words by C. Fox-Smith. Martin Shaw's "Conjunction" (words after Hung-So-Fan), good as it is, does not seem to be in this composer's happiest vein. He wears his Chinese clothes a little awkwardly. "Requiescat" is a setting of Wilde's poem by Evelyn Sharpe. It is gratifying to note how this

lady is gaining strength, and astonishing when one considers that not long ago she wrote one of the "best sellers" of the late war. We like "Epitaph," by Cleghorn Thomson, very much. It is quite simple, but pure and beautiful. Perhaps the symphony at the end is almost too *naïf* to be true, but the rest of the song is very appealing. We leave the best to the end—three songs to poems by Hardy set by John Ireland. Here words and music are happily wedded together, the songs are essentially vocal, and the craftsmanship displayed is, of course, perfect. This composer's work will survive.

PART SONGS, ETC.

One supposes it is the advent of wireless that has induced publishers to bring out so many part-songs. Piano pieces (apart from educational formulæ) and songs seem to be at a discount. We can hear these through the ether played and sung much better than we could perform them ourselves, and we can buy gramophones and pianolas, and so it would seem the sheet music trade is going through a bad time. This state of affairs will, we think, be only temporary, and soon the public will wake from its lethargy and realise that mechanical music is after all only a poor substitute for the real art. Anyhow, choral societies still seem to rejoice in running their course, which accounts for the myriads of part-songs and such-like on our table. Let us see which are the best.

Dr. W. G. Whittaker has edited many Oxford Choral Songs [O.U.P.], the majority having an antique taste. "Content," by Harold Rhodes, for S.S.A., is worthy but not exciting, whereas "See the Gipsy," for female voices, is exciting without being particularly worthy. This last, and "Straw Guy," another of the same sort, are arranged by Kodaly and obviously printed abroad. Gerrard Williams has arranged a Somerset folk song, "Searching for Lambs," for S.A.T.B. It is, as usual, well worth singing. Percy Judd has written a good unison song, "An Old Woman of the Roads"; but "The Virgin's Cradle Hymn" (S.A.T.B.), by Edmund Rubbra, is more mock-medieval than Holst. How funny it all is!

Two jolly songs for male voices are both by Robin Milford. This composer, as we say elsewhere, does not seem to have heard of chromatic harmony, and at least one of the songs betrays an impatience in modulation which may or may not be taken as a sign of genius by the unsophisticated followers of the high-brows. Personally we don't like it, but there is a vigour and bark about both these songs which is refreshing. They are called "Rutterkin" and "Parson Hogg."

Mr. Martin Shaw is to be congratulated on his editorship of Cramer's Unison and Part Songs. Four have been sent and they are all excellent. "The Fox jumped up on a Moonlight Night" is a fine, hearty unison song by Ernest Bullock. "A Visit to the Moon" is by the very competent Thomas Dunhill. It is also for one line of voices. So are the other two—"Hambleton Lock," by Evelyn Sharpe, a first class work, and "The Tide," by the editor himself, which is not only first-class but worthy of special mention. It is really a pleasure to draw attention to all these four songs. There is no sham antique flavour about them. They are simply good, downright honest music.

The Year Book Press submits many compositions of which we think the best are a Motet for Double Choir by William H. Harris, entitled "Faith is the Heaven," a dignified work for men and boys, "Let all the world in every corner sing," by E. T. Chapman, and a middle voice song by the late lamented Charles Wood, "All the bells were ringing." This is quite simple and appeals for that reason.

Paxtons send us an arrangement (for T.T.B.B.) of the Negro Spiritual, "I got a home in-a dat rock," by Leslie Woodgate. Cyril Jenkins has dished up "All through the night" for mixed voices, which is better than his setting of "Music, when soft voices die" (S.A.T.B.). This is rather pretentious and hardly simple enough for the message of the words. Finally, "The Songster" (T.T.B.B.) is a good song by Alec Rowley.

ORCHESTRAL WORKS.

We have received the piano reduction from the full score of Vaughan Williams' "Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains" [O.U.P.]. We are one of the doubtless small minority who are not transported by this work. It strikes us as being more than usually mock-medieval and, what is worse, it is "pi." This schoolboy diminutive contains a shade of meaning which the word "pious" lacks. There is more than a hint of mannerism, and rather tasteless uniformity of style. No one denies that Vaughan Williams is one of the few really distinguished modern composers, but this is surely not one of his best works. On the contrary, it strikes us as feeble stuff.

Some Waltz Variations for Orchestra by Adam Carse [Aug.] are well-fashioned and not difficult. Dr. Whittaker has edited various movements from the Bach Cantatas [O.U.P.]. They contain a number of beautiful things which have been hidden from view for a long time. Four pieces each by Domenico Scarlatti and Alessandro Scarlatti, arranged for small orchestra (strings and *ad lib.* wood-wind), by Michele Esposito [O.U.P.], will prove great fun for amateurs as well as professionals. Also a Suite for Chamber Orchestra by Robin Milford is very diatonic and perhaps purposely old-fashioned, but competent and effective. The covers of all these compositions issued by the Oxford University Press show more desire to please and less to astonish than heretofore. May we offer our congratulations? But surely 10s. 6d. is rather much to pay for Mr. Milford's little score.

C. W.

ORGAN WORK.

C. à Beckett Williams's Organ Sonata [Cu.] is fluently written, but the construction of the different movements is open to criticism. In the first movement the first few and the last few bars are in D and almost the whole of the rest is in C—rather a long way off. Is not the pedal solo on p. 9 of the nature of a stunt, and a useless stunt? Vierne and Bonnet have penetrated similar passages, but all such things are of the slightest musical value and are very awkward to play. The player reaps no glory unless his feet are in sight, and he had much better use his hands. There is another "scaley" cadenza in the pretty "Lyric" movement, and this might be "cut" with advantage. In the last two movements the composer twice uses piano-like arpeggios. This form of accompaniment is hardly ever suitable to the organ.

A.

REGISTER OF BOOKS ON MUSIC

THE following list contains a selection of recent books on music. The place of publication has not been added to the publisher's name if the former is the capital of the country or the latter is very well known, and the date of publication unless otherwise stated, is 1926. All prices quoted are net, and in the case of foreign books the price mentioned is that at which the cheapest edition can, or could, be purchased in the country in which the book is published. At the present rates of exchange £1 is roughly equivalent to 160 French francs (fr.); to 25 Swiss francs (Fr.); to 20 German marks (M.); to 140 Italian lire (L.); to 12 Dutch florins (fl.); and to 31 Spanish pesetas (ptas.).

Aesthetics. Landé, F.: *Vom Volkslied bis zur Atonalmusik*. Grundriss einer Theorie der lebendigen Musik. pp. 69. 12. Carl Merseburger: Leipzig. 3 M.

Panarin, G.: *La musica e l'estetica dell' idealismo*. Socrate e la pulce. Sull' estetica Crociana. pp. 126. Bocca: Turin.

Turner, W. J.: *Orpheus; or, the Music of the Future*. pp. 95. Kegan Paul. 2/6. [One of the series "To-day and To-morrow."]

Arab Music. Farmer, H. G.: *The Canon and Eschaquiel of the Arabs*. [pp. 18.] [The Author: London.] 3/6. [Reprinted from the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," April, 1926.]

Bach. Rochlitz, P.: *Wege zu Bach*. 3 Abhandlungen von Friedrich Rochlitz [1769-1842]. Eingeleitet und herausgegeben von J. M. Müller-Blattau. pp. 47. Bärenreiter-Verlag: Augsburg. [Reprinted from Bd. 2, 3 and 4 of Rochlitz's "Für Freunde der Tonkunst," 1824-32.]

Beethoven. Pfohl, F.: *Beethoven*. illus. pp. 120. Velhagen & Klasing: Bielefeld. 3 M. 50. [A reissue of the edition of 1922.]

Bruckner. Orel, A.: *Bruncher*. Ein österreichischer Meister der Tonkunst. pp. 95. Verlag "Bücher der Heimat": Altötting. 1 M.

Buxtehude. See under Tunder.

Choirs. Antcliffe, H.: *The Choir-master*. A practical guide to organising and conducting choirs and choral societies. pp. 78. W. Paxton & Co. 3/-.

Chopin. Dry, W.: *Chopin*. pp. xiv. 118. John Lane. 3/6. [One of the series "The Music of the Masters."]

Community Music. *Community Music*. A practical guide for the conduct of community music activities. Prepared by the Playground and

Recreation Association of America. pp. 192. C. C. Birchard & Co.: Boston.

Couperin. Tiersot, J.: *Les Couperin*. pp. 215. F. Alcan. 12 fr. [One of the series "Les Maîtres de la musique."]

Criticism. Waltershausen, H. W. von: *Musik, Dramaturgie, Erziehung*. Gesammelte Aufsätze. pp. 298. Drei Masken Verlag: Munich. 5 M.

Dictionaries. Frank, P.: *Kurzfassstes Tonkünstlerlexikon*. Neu bearbeitet von W. Altmann. [12th enlarged ed.] pp. 482. C. Merseburger: Leipzig. 10 M.

Directories. *The Directory of British Music Industries, 1926*. pp. 642. Federation of British Music Industries. 2/6.

Educational. Davison, A. T.: *Musical Education in America*. What is wrong with it? What shall we do about it? pp. xi. 208. Harper and Bros.: New York and London. 5s. [The author is Assistant Prof. of Music at Harvard University.]

Johns, C.: *Do you know that—?* pp. 44. A. P. Schmidt & Co.: Boston, New York; Schott & Co.: London. 60 cents. [Hints for students of music in the form of questions.]

Wiseman, H., and Wishart J.: *The Music Class*. A system for the use of the class teacher of sight-singing and ear-training. pp. 77. J. S. Kerr: Glasgow. 2/6.

Folk Music. Castrillo, G.: *Estudio sobre el canto popular castellano*. Imp. de la Federación catol. agraria: Valencia. 7 ptas.

Lillencron, Baron, R. von: *Deutsches Leben im Volkslied um 1830*. pp. lxx. 486. Union: Stuttgart. 14 M.

Freising. Fellerer, K. G.: *Beiträge zur Musikgeschichte Freising's* von den ältesten christlichen Zeiten bis zur Auflösung des Hofes, 1803. pp. 171. Freisinger Tageblatt.

Garsl. See under Lute.

German Music. Lenzewski, G.: *Die Hohenzollern in der Musikgeschichte des 19. Jahrhunderts*. Musikhistorische Skizze. illus. pp. 47. C. F. Vieweg: Berlin.

German Music. See also under **Freising, Military Music.**

Gesualdo. Gray, C., and Heseltine, P.: *Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, Musician and Murderer*. illus. pp. xiv. 145. Kegan Paul; Curwen. 8/6.

Gregorian Chant. Jeannin, Dom J.: *Eludes sur le rythme gregorien*. E. Glöppe: Lyons.

Guitar. See under **Lute.**

Harmony. Knorr, I.: *Aufgaben für den Unterricht in der Harmonielehre* [6th ed.]. pp. 78. Breitkopf. 1 M. 50.

Haydn. Brenet, M.: *Haydn*. Translated by C. Leonard Leese. With a commentary by Sir W. H. Hadow. pp. xii. 143. Milford. 6/-.

Schnerich, A.: *Joseph Haydn und seine Sendung*. [2nd enlarged ed.]. Mit einem stilkritischen Anhang von W. Fischer. illus. pp. 282. Amalthea-Verlag: Vienna. 5 M.

History. Bekker, P.: *Musikgeschichte als Geschichte der musikalischen Formwandlungen*. pp. v. 237. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt: Stuttgart. 6 M.

Friedrichs, K.: *Kleine Musikgeschichte*. pp. 55. Hachmeister and Thal: Leipzig. 70 pf.

Haensgen, A.: *Zeugenossen*. Abt. 1 Musik. Ein Zusammenstellung von 3000 der wichtigsten Geburts- und Sterbedaten berühmter und bekannter Musiker in geordneter zeitlicher Folge. pp. 72. The Author: Potsdam (14 Heiligegeiststrasse). 1 M.

Stell, M. V.: *Music through the Ages: its history and form*. pp. x. 196. Dent. 3/6.

Instruments. Borland, J. E.: *The Instruments of the Orchestra*. Novello. 1/6. [No. 102 of "Novello's Music Primers"].

Brücker, F.: *Die Blasinstrumente in der altfranzösischen Literatur*. illus. pp. 81. Romanisches Seminar: Giessen. 3 M. [Heft 19 of "Giesener Beiträge zur romanischen Philologie."]

Maddy, J. E., and Giddings, T. P.: *Instrumental Technique for Orchestra and Band*. An exhaustive and practical text-book for teachers, conductors and students. pp. viii. 255. Willis Music Co.: Cincinnati.

Italian Music. *La Cultura musicale in Italia*. Prolusione. pp. 14. Gallardi and Ugo: Vercelli, 1925.

Raelli, V.: *Maestri compositori pugliesi*. G. Raelli: Tricase.

Annuario musicale italiano. Anno 3, 1926. pp. 236. Casa Editrice dell'A. M. I.: Rome. 15 L.

Unione Nazionale Concerti. Annuario. Vol. 1. 16 dicembre, 1922-31 luglio 1925. pp. lvii. 209. Rome, 1925.

Jackson. Smith, J. S.: *The Life of William Jackson, of Masham, the Miller Musician*. pp. 139. A. W. Angus: Leeds. 5/-.

Jazz. Whiteman, Paul, and MacBride, M. M.: *Jazz*. illus. pp. 298. J. H. Sears & Co.: New York; Wilfred Blaber: London. 3s.

Lasso. Sandberger, A.: *Orlando di Lasso und die geistigen Strömungen seiner Zeit*. Festrede. pp. 36. R. Oldenbourg: Munich. 2 M.

Lind. Wilkens, C. A.: *Jenny Lind. Ein Cäcilienbild der evangelischen Kirche*. [8th-10th thousand.] pp. xix. 241. C. Bertelsmanns: Gütersloh. 4 M.

Locheimer Liederbuch. Arnold, F. W.: *Das Locheimer Liederbuch nebst der Ars organandi von Conrad Paumann als Dokumente des Deutschen Liedes sowie des frühesten regelten Kontrapunktes und der ältesten Instrumentalmusik*. pp. iv. 234. Breitkopf. 6 M. [The first issue in book form of a well-known article which originally appeared in Bd. 2 of Chrysander's "Jahrbücher für Musikwissenschaft" (1867).]

Lute. Brondi, M. R.: *Il Liuto e la chitarra. Ricerche storiche sulla loro origine e sul loro sviluppo*. pp. 170. Fratelli Bocca: Turin. 27 L.

Osthoff, H.: *Der Lautenist Santino Garsi da Parma. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der oberitalienischen Lautenmusik am Ausgang der Spätrenaissance*. Mit einem Überblick über die Musikverhältnisse Parmas im 16. Jahrhundert und 59 bisher unveröffentlichten Kompositionen der Zeit. pp. viii. 188. Breitkopf. 7 M. 50. [Heft 6 of the "Sammlung musikwissenschaftlicher Einzeldarstellungen."]

Zuth, J.: *Handbuch der Laute und Gitarre*. A. Goll: Vienna. 2 M. 40 each part. [A lexicon, in course of publication in instalments.]

Massenet. Schneider, L.: *Massenet, 1842-1912*. E. Pasquelle: Paris. 9 fr.

Medieval Music. Orel, A.: *Die Weisen im "Wiener Passionspiel" aus dem 13. Jahr*. pp. 24. Vienna, 1926. [An offprint from "Mitteilungen des Vereins für Geschichte der Stadt Wien." A discussion of Cod. 12,887 of the National Library at Vienna, accompanied by a facsimile and 3 pp. of musical quotations.]

Military Music. Chop, M.: *Geschichte der deutschen Militärmusik*. Mit einem Vorwort von T. Grawert. pp. 28. L. Oertel: Hannover. 1 M. 50.

- Modulation.** Schurzmann, K.: *Von Tonart zu Tonart*. Eine allgemeinverständliche Modulationslehre. pp. 46. Reis & Erler: Berlin. 2 M.
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- Organ.** Fleury, P. de, Count: *Dictionnaire biographique des facteurs d'orgues nés ou ayant travaillé en France*. L'Office général de la Musique. 60 fr.
- Hellmann, O.: *Erinnerungsblätter von der Orgelweihe in der St. Georgenkirche zu Halle a.d.S. am Erntedankfest 1925*. pp. 35. Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses: Halle. 1 M. 50.
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- Piano.** Whitmore, C.: *Commonsense in Pianoforte Playing*. pp. 47. Augener. 2/-.
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- Scarlatti.** Prota - Gurleo, U.: *Alessandro Scarlatti, "il Palermitano"*. La patria e la famiglia. pp. 42. The Author: Naples.
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- Orel, A.: *Franz Schubert*. Ein Künstler seiner Heimat. pp. 99. "Bücher der Heimat": Altdötting. 1 M. 50.
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- Sullivan.** Wyndham, H. S.: *Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1842-1900*. pp. xiii. 285. Kegan Paul; Curwen. 7/6.
- Symphony.** Weingartner, F.: *Die Symphonie nach Beethoven*. [4th ed.] pp. vi. 100. Breitkopf. 2 M. 50.
- Theory.** Bekker, P.: *Materiale Grundlage der Musik*. pp. 21. Universal-Edition: Vienna. 1 M.
- Lobe, J. C.: *Katechismus der Musik*. Durchgesehen und neu bearbeitet von H. Leichtentritt. [3rd ed.] pp. viii. 143. Breitkopf. 2 M.
- Piggott, H. E.: *An Introduction to Music*. pp. xi. 164. Dent. 6/-.
- Tunder.** Stahl, W.: *Franz Tunder und Dietrich Buxtehude*. Ein Biographische Versuch. illus. pp. 79. Kistner. 3 M.
- Verdi.** Checchi, E.: *Verdi, 1813-1901*. Nuova edizione. pp. x. 244. G. Barbèra: Florence. [First published in 1901.]
- Monaldi, G.: *Verdi aneddotico*. pp. 127. Vecchini: Aquila. 7 L.
- Violin.** Auer, L.: *Violin Playing as I Teach It*. [Popular ed.] pp. viii. 182. Duckworth. 3/6.

Fuhr, K.: *Die akustischen Rätsel der Geige*. Die endgültige Lösung des Geigenproblems. pp. iv. 187. Carl Merseburger: Leipzig. 5 M.

Volce, Hoche, K.: *Die Quintessenz des Kunstgesang-unterrichts*. Ein Brevier für Gesangsbeflissene. [2nd ed.] illus. pp. iv. 117. Cotta: Stuttgart. 3 M. 50.

Marafioti, P. M.: *The New Vocal Art*. Boni & Liveright: New York. 2\$ 50.

Spicer, S. W.: *The Old Italian School*. The art of true vocal control. [pp. 8.] The Author: London (14 Berners Street).

Wagner, Verwey, J. M.: *Wagner und Nietzsche*. pp. xi. 195. Strecker und Schröder: Stuttgart. 3 M.

Weber, Kleeblatt, W.: *Carl Maria von Weber*. illus. pp. 88. Velhagen and Klasing: Bielefeld. 3 M. 50.

Pfützner, Hans: *Was ist uns Weber?* Zum 100. Todestag Carl Maria von Webers. pp. 28. B. Filser: Augsburg. 2 M.

Reiter, E.: *Carl Maria von Webers künstlerische Persönlichkeit*. Aus seinen Schriften. pp. viii. 82. Kistner. 4 M.

C. B. O.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS FOR THE QUARTER

This list is representative, not complete. H.M.V.—The Gramophone Company;
Col.—Columbia; Voc.—Vocalion.

Instrumental. Beethoven: *Coriolanus Overture*. (Parlophone E 10454, Dr. Weissman and the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra.) An entirely masculine interpretation of Beethoven's portrayal of Coriolanus. The reproduction should be by a loud steel needle, so that the virility of the music may be maintained.

Beethoven: *Sonata for Violin and Piano*, Op. 24, the "Spring" sonata. (a) Parlophone E 10414-15-16; Edith Lorand and Michael Raucheisen. (b) Polydor 65764-65-66; Robert Zeiler and Bruno Seidler-Winkler. The Parlophone performers have more personal poetic energy than the Polydor; but the Polydor better create the full sonata construction of the work, and their interpretation is more firmly based on the great German traditions of Beethoven performance.

Brahms: *Quintet for Clarinet and Strings*, Op. 115. (The National Gramophone Society, 58, Frith Street, London, W. 1; the Spencer Dyke String Quartet and Frederick Thurston.) Some critics, and many of the leading masters of chamber music performance, have said that the clarinet quintet of Brahms is the greatest example of chamber music in existence. The music is too profound to yield its secret at a first casual hearing, and the voice of the clarinet has to become familiar amid the strings before the

listener can put it into its right range. The gramophonist of cultured taste will welcome this praiseworthy production (the quintet has not previously been recorded, though two passages from it will be found in the Columbia disc, L 1219), and by purchasing the records he will help the Society.

Brahms: *Sonata in A, for Violin and Piano*, Op. 100. (Parlophone E 10457-58-59, Edith Lorand and Michael Raucheisen.) Because of the likeness between one of the main themes of this sonata and a theme from Wagner's opera, the sonata is called "The Mastersinger's Sonata." Miss Lorand is very sympathetic towards the quality of introspection and tenderness which mark the music, and her performance can be looked on as the climax of her work for the gramophone.

Hummel: *Rondo in E flat for Piano-forte*. (Ignaz Friedman; Columbia L 1750.) The Hummel rondo is a pleasant example of the Viennese School of Music, and of the Viennese piano style which ran contemporaneous with Beethoven, and which was the more generally popular. It has a Mozartean lightness, and Friedman's performance is fascinating. (The reverse of the disc contains a *Viennese Dance* by Gaertner.)

Mozart: *Quartet in G major*, the "Serenata," or *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*. (Columbia L 1729-30; the

Lener String Quartet.) The serenade in Mozart's time was a suite of instrumental pieces. The example here played to perfection by the Lener Quartet is among the most popular of Mozart's works. The second theme of the minuet (the 3rd movement) is one of those lovely melodies whose parallel in poetry is such a passage as that about "the daffodils that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty."

Mozart: *Eine Klein Nachtmusik*. (Polydor, Alfred Imhof, 66364-65; Oskar Fried and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra.) The performance is in the "new" manner of treating Mozart, which takes his music less as the effusions as of a divinely innocent child, whose world is that of abstract beauty, than as the noble and fully conscious art of a man familiar with the world and entirely human in his own qualities.

Mozart: *Symphony in C major*, the "Jupiter." (Parlophone E 10433-34-35-36, Dr. Weissmann and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra.) The recording delicately adjusts the violins to the wind instruments, so that the flutes, oboes and bassoons have the way open for their tone to be clearly in evidence, a matter of vital importance in the gramophone reproduction of Mozart and Haydn. A loud steel needle is necessary for the last movement, so that the contrapuntal energy of the music, and the famous blending of the themes, shall have the virility of tone required.

Rimsky-Korsakov: *Le Coq d'Or*, "Russian Dance" and "Bridal Procession." (Columbia 9101; Percy Pitt and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.) Recommended for gramophonists who want to train their ears in the business of locating orchestral instruments.

Schubert: *Quartet in D minor*, "Death and the Maiden." (a) Columbia L 1751-52-53-54, the London String Quartet; (b) Parlophone E 10464-65-66-67-68, the Edith Lorand String Quartet. For a long time critical opinion has agreed that the Schubert quartets in D minor and A minor are among the finest examples of pure chamber music. The present work is the more emotional. It has a tragic power in the first movement, and towards the end of the last it touches one of the gravest moods of all arrived at by the composer. The slow movement, which is based on the "Death" portion of Schubert's *Death and the Maiden* song, is a set of variations wherein Schubert portrays his

conception of death as a natural and lovely thing.

The Edith Lorand Quartet is a new body. Miss Lorand has become during the past year one of the most famous violinists in the gramophone world, and her Quartet promises to add to her already great reputation.

Smetana: *Quartet in E minor*, the *largo sostenuto* only. (Columbia L 1767; the Lener String Quartet.) Smetana gave to his E minor string quartet the title, "Aus meinem Leben," because the music was literally an expression of his own life's experience. The slow movement, here recorded, is lovely as music, but almost too moving as art, at least, it is so for listeners of sympathetic imagination who have made themselves acquainted with this Bohemian musician's nature and the conditions of his last years.

Strauss, Richard: *Der Rosenkavalier*, the music prepared for the film by the composer. (H.M.V. D 1096-94-95-97; Strauss and the Tivoli Orchestra.)

Strauss, Richard: *Ein Heldenleben*. (Polydor, Alfred Imhof, 69840-41-42-43-44; the composer and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra.) As with Sir Henry J. Wood and the "1812" overture of Tchaikowski (mentioned below), so with this tone-poem and the composer's directions for performance, the music, very surprisingly, suddenly seems greater stuff than one had thought for many years.

Such experiences are among the particular virtues of the gramophone, when the recording is of the new kind and the instrument is as the reviewer's "Super Apollo IV," the instrument which converted him to the gramophone in 1925. Circumstances have a good deal to do with this constantly recurring experience; the reproduction is effected at your leisure, in the privacy of your own room, and exactly at the moment when you happen to be in the right mood for the piece; and it may be that the performers work better in the recording room than is always possible in the concert room. Yet even allowing for these adventitious aids, the fact remains that such magnificent interpretations as this offered by Richard Strauss have the power to give us, through the gramophone, an insight into the music which the average concert interpretation cannot give us, we can repeat a passage half-a-dozen times before continuing, until it has definitely clarified itself, and made its dramatic, poetic, and musical appeal.

Strauss fills his music with life.

Everything is animate; yet the phrases have a rock-like firmness, the trumpets in the Battle Section are superb.

Tchaikowski: *Overture Solennelle*, "1812." (Columbia L 1764-65-66; Sir Henry J. Wood and the New Queen's Hall Orchestra.) This piece became popular against the composer's will. He wrote it to commission, without any pleasure in the task, and he himself said there could be nothing in it. But within a few years it was established as the regular wind-up of a Tchaikowski programme. Early in the period of the Tchaikowski craze of the 1890's and 1900's, the overture became thoroughly disreputable; the true musician could hardly venture to touch it with bare hands, and it passed into the parks and the seaside pavilions. Sir Henry Wood seems to have tried to give it a new character, and he has certainly taken away all the vulgarity and bombast which for so long have been its most apparent qualities. Indeed, he makes it take on quite an epic dignity; and I may venture the confession that when going through the records for the purpose of the present review, I had my first pleasure from Tchaikowski's music for some eight years.

Wagner: *Parsifal*, "Klingsor's Magic Garden and Flower-Maidens." (Columbia L 1746-47; Bruno Walter and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.) This can be safely recommended as one of the triumphs of recent recording. The performance is excellent, even for Herr Walter, and the delightfully seductive charm of the Caress Melody (the theme in waltz time) is even more appealing here than when the opera is given in the theatre.

Wagner: *Parsifal Prelude*. (Columbia L 1744-45; Bruno Walter and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.) The record is conspicuously important by reason of the clarity of the trumpets.

Wagner: *Tristan and Isolde Prelude*. (H.M.V. D 1107; Albert Coates and the Symphony Orchestra.)

Vocalion X 9819: Jacques van Lier brings forward one of those immaculately pure *adagio* melodies of the period of Bach and Handel, in the *Arioso* (C minor) of Mazzano, published 1730. He plays it with the higher art of the

cello, and the record is almost a necessity for gramophonists who want their instrument to give them pure beauty.

Choral and Vocal. Bettendorf, Emmy, and Alfred Jerger. "Guten Abend" and "Hatt einst ein Weib," from *Meistersinger*. (Parlophone E 10443.) Brunskill, Muriel. Somervell's *Shepherd's Cradle Song* and Dvorák's *I will sing you Songs of Gladness*. (Columbia 3987.)

Burg, Robert. Two airs of Boris, from Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov*. (Parlophone E 10473.)

Gerhardt, Elena: *Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel* and *Auf dem Wasser zu singen*, by Schubert. (H.M.V. D B 916.)

Jokl, Fritz. The Cavatina of Rosina, from Rossini's *Barber of Seville*. (Parlophone E 10461.)

Kappel, Gertrude. "Starke Scheite," from *Götterdämmerung*. (Polydor 60099-100.)

Marshall, Eric. *Du bist wie eine Blume* and *Die Lotusblume*, by Schumann. (H.M.V. E 433.)

Melchior, Lauritz. Two numbers from *Siegfried*. (Parlophone E 10442.) Olszewska, Maria. "Höre mit Sinn," from *Götterdämmerung*. (Polydor 72992.)

Pattiera, Tino (a noble tenor). "On with the Motley," from *I Pagliacci*, and "Celeste Aida," from *Aida*. (Polydor 72727.)

Wagner: *Tannhäuser*. The Pilgrim's Chorus, with the Herd Boy's Song. Else Knepel and Alfred Lange, with Chorus. (Parlophone E 10451.)

Handel: *The Messiah*, "And the Glory of the Lord," and "Behold the Lamb of God." (Columbia L 1768; Sir Henry J. Wood and the Choir and Orchestra of the Handel Festival.) The record was taken in Crystal Palace. It could hardly have been taken anywhere else, for the performers numbered 3,500 individuals. The first chorus is clear, firm, and majestically strong; the second is very movingly *misterioso*, largely because of the attendant echoes, but partly because of the awe-inspiring effect of so many hundreds of people singing softly. This is a record that should be owned by every gramophonist throughout the world.

S. G.

PLAYER-PIANO ROLLS

"Duo-Art" *Pianola Piano* (electric reproduction).

Beethoven. *Variations on "Tändeln und Scherzen."* Ethel Leginska (No. 6957.) Here is an immediately topical piece of Beethoven's. In October an opera, by Süßmayr, became popular in Vienna. One of the most appreciated numbers was the trio "Tändeln und Scherzen." Beethoven wrote his variations within a few weeks. They are a charming set, and it is good to have given us this example of Beethoven's minor art. There is plenty of poetry in the variations, and they are, musically, the work of a master, the modulatory scheme being delightful.

Chopin. *Barcarolle in F sharp*, Op. 60. Arthur Rubenstein (No. 6542). The perfect technique and finely imaginative mind of Arthur Rubenstein, brought here to the service of a famous barcarolle, give to the electric reproducing-piano a positive gem of musical art.

Chopin. *Nocturne in A flat*, Op. 32, No. 2. Rudolph Ganz (No. 6966). Ganz is an admirable musician, who in childhood played the cello as well as the piano, a circumstance which seems to influence his treatment of a Chopin melody. (He was born in Switzerland in 1877, but for the greater part of his life he has lived and worked in the United States.)

The bulletin annotator of the Aeolian Company has committed the unpardonable sin in poetry quotation: he copies into his comments those precious lines from Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters" which begin, "There is sweet music here," and in the loveliest couplet of all he has the adjective where the poet has the adverb:

Music that *gentler* on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.
This is horrible, even rhythmically.

Chopin. *Polonaise in F sharp minor*, Op. 44. Arthur Rubenstein (No. 6505). This polonaise is not among the favourites, partly because it is so difficult that pianists do not often bring it forward, but chiefly because its dramatic purpose is not immediately clear. It is the work of which the trio is in the form of the mazurka.

Moszkowski. *Caprice Espagnole*, Op. 37, played by Josef Hofmann (No. 6953). This long-popular piece of music in the Spanish style has always been played by player-pianists in the simple manner of the jota, malagueña,

and other native rhythms; but Hofmann interprets it to that story from Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" wherein is told the love of Ruyz de Alarcon for Jacinta, with its magic lute and general atmosphere of enchantment. This interpretation is disturbing to one who has known the piece merely as a charming example of the conventionalised *musica a la español*.

Granados. *Danza Española*, Op. 37, No. 1, played by the composer (No. 6133). It is ten years since Granados died. He must have made this record while in America for the production of his opera, *Goyescas*, and one would like to know why the performance has been held back till now. The music is charming, but the listener who tries to locate the "time" will be confused, for the bars alter their length. (Piano students can always take a lesson from Granados in the art of performing Spanish music; for the music of Spain must never be played with the conventional rubato that is generally appropriate in the "romantic" German music.)

"Pianola" (88-note rolls), *hand-played and "straight-cut."*

Schubert. *Moment musical*, Op. 94, No. 3, Ossip Gabrilowitsch (No. A 889). This performance is chiefly of interest as an example of a kind of rubato favoured by pianists who won't let the composer's time do its duty by itself.

Bach. *Prelude and Fugue in G major*, Book 1 of the "Well-tempered Clavier" (No. I, 24683). Bach in fine high spirits, and disposed in the fugue to a wonderful science which the unconstructed listener never suspects.

Chopin. *Polonaise in A major*, Op. 40, No. 1, Josef Hofmann (No. A 909). The performance is direct and strong, and so the music is powerful and brilliant.

Scharwenka. *Erzählung am Klavier*, Op. 5, No. 2 (No. T 30265). A brilliant romance, poetically superficial, but very suitable for the player-piano, and requiring of the player-pianist the neatest and most alert of pedalling and the liveliest animation of mind.

Sinding. *Marche grotesque*, Op. 32, No. 1, played with genuine humour by Yolanda Mero (No. A 903).

Boccherini. *Minuet in A*, played by an incomparable artist, Harold Bauer (No. A 899).

S. G.

OBITUARIES

CHARLES WOOD

CHARLES WOOD held the Professorship of Music at Cambridge for only two years; but for some thirty years before his appointment he had done most of the Professor's work. Born at Armagh in 1866, he went to the Royal College of Music in 1888 and to Cambridge, as organ scholar of Gonville and Caius College, in 1889. His college made him a Fellow in 1894—the first fellowship ever given for music at Cambridge; in 1897 he succeeded Dr. Garrett as University Lecturer in Harmony and Counterpoint; in 1924 he succeeded Stanford as Professor. As a young man he was expected to do great things as a composer; his music for *Iphigenia in Tauris* and the *Dirge for Two Veterans* certainly justified these hopes. But although he continued writing music to the end of his life, he never quite took the position which was his due. He was by temperament retiring and a constant sufferer from ill health; he had not the driving force to make a name for himself as Stanford did. Circumstances obliged him to become a teacher, and like his predecessor, Sterndale Bennett, he may be said to have sacrificed his own work as a composer for the benefit of those to whom he taught composition.

Stanford was not seen at Cambridge after 1892, though he continued to perform the statutory duties of the Professorship. During the whole of these years it was Wood who was the really inspiring force of Cambridge musical teaching. He seldom appeared in public as a conductor, and his natural shyness made him a little unapproachable as a teacher. But as soon as he found that a pupil was taking music seriously he was very ready to make friends with him, and there are several distinguished composers in this country who would agree that it was from Charles Wood that they derived their most valuable instruction. He was an accomplished master of counterpoint, canon and fugue, and what is more, he had the art of making those studies intensely vital and interesting to his pupils. Some of them found him perhaps rather too strictly professional in his musical outlook; but no doubt his contemptuous impatience of amateurism was a salutary influence in such a place as Cambridge.

His published works hardly represent his real abilities as a composer, though even the church and school music which he threw off to satisfy publishers almost always exhibits some ingenious canon or other device which gives it an individual interest and an artistic value rarely found in music of this category. Much still remains in manuscript, having had few performances or maybe none at all; and among these works there are many which show the expression—restrained and reserved though it be—of a thoughtful and genuinely poetic mind.

LOUIS FLEURY

The death of Louis Fleury must have affected a great many musical people, and in quite different ways; for he was a "person," and had more than one channel for his personality.

In company he was an extra candle lighted in the room. You were never sure whether he was poking fun at his subject, or at you, or at himself: you were only sure that you did not want him to stop talking. In his conversation he left paradoxes to others: he cared only to put crisply and Frenchly that commonsense on which the English dote. He got quickly at the kernel of fun under Victorian and Georgian wrappings. He was as undemonstrative as any Briton could wish, and felt as keenly. He spoke our language with charm and grace, swallowing his words a little, perhaps, but never failing to express, and often illuminating, the idea.

It was as nearly the same as could be hoped when the pen took the place of the tongue. Look at some back numbers of this magazine. For his scholarship try April, 1925; for his musical faith, October, 1922; for his fun, October, 1924. In all of them he is so much a master of his craft that he can afford to say only the things that matter, to say them without fuss, and to leave them as said. I like them all—chiefly because I can hear the man saying these things—but especially "The Flute, and its power of expression." I think there are few instrumental players who could so get outside their instrument as to talk about it with such an equipoise of sane judgment and expression, and so gracefully.

As he talked and wrote, so he played. He found in the limitations of the flute its strength. And does art, in whatever medium, do anything other than to take the whole world to epitomise within narrow limits? Is art anything less than what Alcuin called it, a window of the soul—whether it paints angels ascending and descending in the Adagio of Bach's B minor, or pixies in *L'Après-midi*, or gargoyles in *Pierrot Lunaire*? And was not this flute, which almost rhymes with "tootle" and "footle," the very instrument to take, in order to prove to the world that little things confound the great?

He taught us that size is nothing in comparison with aptness to context and appropriateness to occasion. Whether he was one good player among many or, as might happen, the only good player in the room, he put the music first and gave of it the most faithful account he could. A scholar, an artist and a human being.

A. H. F. S.

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